

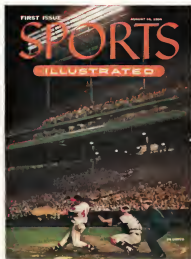
AUGUST 15, 1955

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR

ANNIVERSARY



**ONE YEAR OLD THIS WEEK:
America's First National Sports Weekly**

**COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD
AND
THE GOLDEN YEAR BY GERALD HOLLAND**



Bottom row (left to right): Les Richter, Bears, Kyle Rote, Giants, Doug Walker, Lions, Johnny Lattner, Steelers; Chuck Bohmer, Eagles
 Second row: Bob Boyd, Rams, V. A. Telle, 49ers, Les Ford, Browns, Ed Sprotke, Lions, Pete Pihos, Eagles, Jerry Owens, Cardinals
 Third row: Donny Boyd, Browns, Eddie Price, Giants, Bert Quisenberry, Rams, Roger Zatkoff, Green Bay Packers, Adams Bark, Eagles
 Top row: Les McLaughlin, Rams, Ollie Matson, Cardinals, Art Donovan, Colts, Harlan Hoge, Bears, Bruce Berdnarik, 49ers, Ed Sprotke, Bears

Cast: the Pro All-Stars...colors by Jantzen

Unaccustomed as these gentlemen are to doing their own cheering, they can't get over the fact that the new Jantzen sweater colors are 1955 all-stars in their own right.

There are 22 new Jantzen hues, including new frosty tones (worn by Richter, Rote, Walker, Lattner, and Bednarik in the front row, and Boyd, second row), as well as clear tones and char tones on the rest of the All-Stars...colors

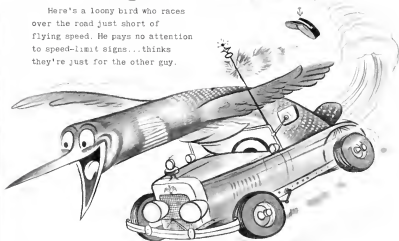
that will look smart on practically every man. In addition, the fabric is washable Jantzen Kharafleece, mothproofed by Mitin[®], soft but strong, knit and tailored for real comfort. In many styles, at all good stores.

Jantzen
 kharafleece sweaters

THE

Low-Flying Loon

Here's a loony bird who races over the road just short of flying speed. He pays no attention to speed-limit signs...thinks they're just for the other guy.



THE

Smart Bird

knows that speed limits are for his own protection. He realizes that when the sign says "35 mph," there's a good reason for it.

The Smart Bird also knows how to protect his engine. He always uses premium gasoline. The higher octane rating of premium gasoline guards against damaging engine "knock" and overheating.



It's smart to use
premium gasoline



ETHYL
CORPORATION

"Help!"

(your car's engine speaking)

This "ping" and sticking hydraulic valve lifter trouble is driving me crazy!

I'm a modern high compression engine built to give you high horsepower performance. To do this, I put up with much greater pressures and higher speeds on moving parts. Result? I'm sensitive! Even slight deposits of carbon, sludge and gum affect my performance seriously; and my metal parts need extra protection too. That's why I need an oil that provides two things—*detergency* and *high film strength* continuously—all the time.

Today, refiners put chemical additives in their oils to meet these needs. But additives alone are not the answer. Actually, from the moment I start up after an oil change, these additives begin to be used up in service. Ask the experts. They'll tell you that *detergency* and *film strength* derived from additives can sometimes depreciate below safe limits in just a few hundred miles of stop-and-go driving.

Better still, ask me. The only oil to keep me happy right through to my next oil change is RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty, because it gives me *double protection*. Sure, Macmillan uses additives. But in addition, the Macmillan crude oil contains natural *detergency* and *high film strength* as it comes from the ground—and these qualities cannot be used up in service because they are part of the oil itself.

So let's put a stop to sticking valves—let's cut destructive engine "ping". From now on...

ask for Macmillan
RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty
Motor Oil—Only 45¢ a Quart

at Independent
Stations and
Car Dealers



Macmillan
Petroleum Corp.,
530 West South St., Los Angeles 14

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

THIS SUNDAY NIGHT on Ed Sullivan's nationally televised *Toast of the Town* program some of the brightest figures in sport will gather in a salute to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** on its first anniversary. Their names and faces are familiar to everyone who follows sports; and their achievements have helped to make our *first year*—which **SI** recalls in this issue with eight pages of color and a review by Gerald Holland—a *golden year*.

Among the many guests who will be on hand are these: in track the Rev. Bob Richards of the pole vault and Arnold Sowell of the half mile; in basketball Bob Cousy of the Boston Celtics; in football George Welsh, quarterback of Navy; in horse racing Eddie Arcaro of Nashua and Willie Shoemaker of Swaps; in baseball Don Newcombe of the Dodgers; in bowling Steve Nagy of the All-Star; in tennis Tony Trabert and Louise Brough of Wimbledon and Bill Talbert of the Davis Cup and **SI**; in hockey Maurice (The Rocket) Richard of the Canadiens; in golf Ben Hogan of golf.

During the past year **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has been especially fortunate in the enthusiasm and cooperation which the producers and performers on countless radio and television broadcasts throughout the country have extended to this magazine.

Doubtless, many of you have watched and heard **SI** personalities on such network shows as Dave Garroway's *Today*, the CBS *Morning Show*, Arlene Francis' *Home*, Garry Moore's *I've Got a Secret*, *Masquerade Party*, Arthur Godfrey's morning program, *Make Up Your Mind*, *Pop the Question*, Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, *What's My Line?*, ABC's *All-League Clubhouse*, Art Linkletter's *House Party*, Bill Stern, NBC's *Monitor* and many others, including hundreds of



ED SULLIVAN



GARRY MOORE



ARLENE FRANCIS



DAVE GARROWAY

local programs which space will not permit me to list here.

To Ed Sullivan and to all the rest I would like to express the sincere thanks of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. Their response to the magazine is high among the reasons why our first birthday is a most happy birthday.

Harry Phillips

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Two SI Specials

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SI Writer ROBERT H. BOYLE reveals for the first time the full story behind Ike's conference of athletes on America's physical unfitness, and 41 give their opinions on the subject

34 THE GOLDEN YEAR

SI celebrates its first essential twelve-month in the *Wonderful World of Sport* with a review by GERALD HOLLAND and flashback word and picture samples from the magazine's first year

35 SPECTACLE: U.S. WATER BABIES

A new generation of speedy young ladies are eating a swim for themselves in the water, as MARK KAUFFMAN's camera records in COLOR

36 DETROIT STEALS SEATTLE'S PRIDE

The Gold Cup in the crown of speedboating, and PAUL O'NEIL describes from Seattle how the Motor City finally took it home. Photographs by BERT GLINN

44 A NEW CRISIS AT HAPPY KNOLL

J. P. MARGULIS's faithful correspondent, Roger Herdick, warily reports that trouble brews with the club pro, whose wife has big ideas

45 AN AFTERNOON WITH BELMONTE

At 63, the last of Spain's master bullfighters is still in rugged good health and a marvelous performer on his Andalusian ranch, where THOMAS DOHER visited him

46 PROMISED LAND OF PIKE

Once scorned as a "snake," the lonely pike is attracting a growing roster of admirers. ERWIN A. BAUER describes the place to catch them: Menistoba. With three pages in COLOR

THE DEPARTMENTS:

44 **Golf:** HERBERT WARREN WIND catches up with Doug Ford, the rapid golfing man, and finds him unique among the precise pros

45 **Tip from the Top:** GENE LITTLER of Palm Springs, Calif. addresses the inconsistent putters

46 **Football:** HERMAN HICKMAN pries open the door on the new season with a pregame look at the College All-Stars

48 **Horses:** JEREMIAH TAX reports on the Hambletonian, where he found Scott Frost, three joes and a dog with an odd appetite

49 **Baseball:** ROBERT CREAMER on the strange ways of the American League pennant race

52 **Tennis:** WILLIAM F. TALBERT, with medical assistants from PAUL PECK and WILLIAM H. WHITE, looks over Tony Trabert's shoulder. It's on the mend

54 **Yesterday:** The girls defied custom, bloomers and billowing skirts and climbed Mt. Baker

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 15, 1955



COVER: SI'S FIRST

Photograph by Mark Kauffman

In the 52 weeks since SI first hit U.S. newstands with this picture of night baseball in Milwaukee, a whole wide world of sports has unfolded on its cover page. From baseball (7) to ballooning (1), some 30 different sports (depending on whether a horn-tooting handsman comes under the category of music or football) have been represented—and by next year the figure will be far higher. For sports, as SI has proved in its first year of publication, is as broad and variegated as life itself; and from the lonely fisherman on the beach to the rain-soaked crowd of an autumn stadium, the fare it shows is always colorful, always new.

Adapted from page 30

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

A BASEBALL PACKAGE

BROOKLYN'S BIG BOMB

Robert Creamer tells the story of Don Newcombe, who has been exploding from pitcher's mound and better's box all season

THAT AMERICAN LEAGUE RACE

Boston suspects the Red Sox are 1955's team of destiny. Chicago, Cleveland, New York and Detroit have contrary views. An American League battle report in words and pictures

RECORD BREAKERS

● Roger Moens, Belgium's brilliant, temperamental middle-distance runner, got big assist from Audun Boyen and Finn Larsen of Norway, shattered one of oldest track records, raced 800 meters in 1:45.7 to establish new world mark for distance at Oslo. Boyen also surpassed mark in 1:45.9. Old record: 1:46.6 set by Germany's Rudolf Harbig in 1939. ● Mikhail Krivosov of Russia hurled 16-pound hammer 211 feet 11 1/4 inches, surpassed own world mark by four feet in meet at Warsaw. ● Japan's Masaru Furukawa, 20-year-old Nippon

University sophomore, churned through 200-meter breaststroke in 2:33.7, broke own official world record by 1.7 seconds in Japan-U.S. dual meet, at Tokyo. Following night Japan's 400-meter relay team beat U.S. swimmers by length in 3:46.8, set new world standard for event. ● Pearl Creed, Delbert and Wayne Smith's 9 1/2 mare, gave Driver Jimmy Wingfield fast ride around Roosevelt Raceway's double oval, set world half-mile track mark of 2:01 2/5 for 4-year-old pacing mares in first round of Roosevelt Pacing Tournament at Westbury, N.Y.

HARNESS RACING

Scott Frost, Sol Camp's California bay colt with Trainer-Driver Joe O'Brien in sulky, won both heats of 30th Hambletonian, picked up winner's share of \$84,863 purse in clasp for 3-year-old trotters at Gothen, N.Y. Next day, Hambletonian Society renewed contract with Good Time Park, will keep top trotting event there for at least five more years.

MOTORBOATING

Gale V, owned by Joe Schoenith of Detroit, driven by son Lee, placed 2nd, 2nd, 3rd, in 30-mile heats, got 460-point bonus for covering 90 miles in shortest elapsed time (54:16.2), edged *Thrifway* 1,225 points to 1,625, won 48th Gold Cup before 250,000 shoreline spectators at Seattle. Stan Sayres's *Slip-Mo-Skive IV*, winner in 1950, '52, '53, finished third with 625 points (see page 89).

BASEBALL

American League pennant race got drum tight as season went into final third, first division teams had uncharacteristic trouble with tail-enders. Chicago White Sox barely maintained first-place hold, beat Boston 2-1 on pitching of Connie Johnson, Jim Rivera's home run, then lost two to Red Sox, two to Baltimore 2-1, 8-1, as Orioles got sharp pitching from ex-National Leaguers Jim Wilson and Erv Patka, before teams battled to 12 inning, 2-2 tie.

New York Yankees moved to within .003 of top spot though losing two to Cleveland, barely getting four-game split with Detroit as Mickey Vernon broke out of slump, hit 2 home runs, Bob Turley showed return to form in 3-2, 10-inning, final game victory. Cleveland Indians moved into second place, but dropped three straight to seventh-place Washington, fell back to third as Senators shelved ex-New York Giant Sal Maglie in American League debut, also got fine pitching from Spec Shea, Johnny Schmitz, Torrid Boston Red Sox, after successful series with Chicago, got slight chilling from Kansas City Athletics, 5-2, 6-5 but came back to win 16-12 in 35-hit slugfests, moved to within 1 1/2 games of first. Detroit Tigers continued to press hard for first-division berth, outlasted Washington 13-10, 3-0 on Frank Lary's two-hitter, lost series final 9-6 but split four games with New York, finished won 5 1/2 games out of first, only 4 behind fourth-place Boston.

Baltimore Orioles came suddenly to life with first-class pitching by mound staff, clutch hitting by Bob Hale, Dave Pope, Dave Philley's grand slam, won 5 of 6 during week.

Interest in National League began to center around struggle for second place, individual home-run leadership, as Brooklyn Dodgers increased lead to 14 1/2 games. Dodgers took three of four from Milwaukee as Gil Hodges hit 11th grand slam of career, Roy Campanella won series final with two-out, three-run homer in ninth, lost two to Chicago 10-3, 4-3 despite Duke Snider's 37th and 38th home runs. Milwaukee, rocked by Dodgers, only gained split with last-place Pittsburgh Pirates, still held on grimly to second place.

New York Giants showed signs of coming to life though losing second-basemen Davey Williams through retirement, replacement Wayne Terwilliger by bean ball, swept three from St. Louis before being shut out 3-0 by Cardinals' Tom Poholsky, split four with Cincinnati, held third place 2 games behind Milwaukee. Robin Roberts, strong-throwing Philadelphia right-hander, won 17th and 18th, kept Phillies in fourth place.

Ernie Banks belted six home runs, raised total to 37 in Chicago Cubs won three of five from Pittsburgh, two straight from Brooklyn, moved to within one game of first division. Cincinnati Redlegs ran winning streak to seven in row on shutouts by Johnny Killestein, Joe Nuxhall, moved into sixth place over slumping St. Louis.

FOOTBALL

Los Angeles Rams got National Football League exhibition season underway with 35-24 victory over Pittsburgh Steelers as team delighted crowd of 21,000 with touchdown parade at Portland, Ore.

San Francisco 49ers trailed Washington Redskins 6-0 at half, put on third-period redoubt march of 74 yards, edged weak eastern team 7-6 before 27,000 in exhibition at San Francisco.

SWIMMING

Japan's swimming team, paced by two world-record performances (see "Record Breakers") and double win by Tsukasa Ono in 800-, 1,500-meter freestyle, was hard-pressed by Coach Bob Kipphut's youthful U.S. team, won just half of 16 events but all three relays, edged Americans, who got two victories from Diver Don Harper, 44 3/5, at Tokyo. Japanese victory, third of four in current series, indicates powerful team for 1956 Olympics.

Tom Park, transplanted Canadian now hailing from Lakewood, Calif., churned through high winds, rough water, avoided curious sand shark, dived Atlantic City's Abasco Island (26 miles) in 9:45:30 to come in first, collected \$1,700. Lies Put of Montreal came in 11th, was first woman to finish, collected purse of \$1,000.

BOXING

Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, clowning Far Rockaway, N.Y. heavyweight, belted underdog role, displayed nimble dance routines between rounds, bolo punch, double uppercut during rounds, pruned off with unanimous decision over sluggish straightman Ennard Charles in 10-rounder at Syracuse (see page 18). Said Ennard Charles, "Next time I'll know how to fight a swarm of bees."

Joe Nijel, another underdog, looked like 10-to-1 favorite, bombed wild-swinging Art Aragon with vigorous lefts, sent eighth-ranked contender to canvas in first, went on to win lopsided 10-round decision in welterweight bout at Los Angeles. Luckless Aragon suffered first loss of year, severely damaged ankle.

GOLF

Doag Ford, playing out of Kiawahis Lake, N.Y., displayed same consistent shooting that won recent PGA championship, scored three 59s, finished with 70 for 11 under par 277, defeated Leo Biagetti by three strokes, pocketed first prize of \$3,420 in All-American tournament at Chicago. Red-headed Patty Berg won women's division for fourth time, beat runner-up Fay Crocker by six strokes, earned \$1,000 with 302 for 72 holes.

William Dunn, husky 17-year-old from Duncan, Okla., used powerful driver, razor-sharp iron, bested William Saxon in finals 5 and 2, won USGA National Junior title, at Lafayette, Ind.

HORSE SHOWS

Italy, extending postwar renaissance in sports to horsemanship, marked up only 16 faults over two rounds of 14-fence course, won Aga Khan jumping trophy over teams from Britain, Ireland, Sweden, U.S. at Dublin Horse Show.

TENNIS

Australia got shaky singles performances from Ken Rosewall, Rex Hartwig but decisive doubles victory by Hartwig and hard-hitting Lew Hoad, defeated Japan 4-0 before final match was rained out in Davis Cup Interzone semifinal at Glen Cove, N.Y. Aussies won right to meet Italy, European champions, in Interzone final this weekend at Germantown Cricket Club.

Sammy Giammalva, unseeded Houston, Tex. power-stroker, scored jarring upsets over Bob Falkenburg, Vic Seixas, Kurt Nielsen en route to final, won week-long Eastern Grass Courts Championship by outlasting Gil Shes in 3-hour volleying duel 6-2, 3-6, 11-9, 9-7, made Davis Cup

selection committee sit up, take notice, at South Orange, N.J. Fourth-seeded Barbara Schofield Davidson of Milwaukee won women's title with 6-4, 1-6, 6-1 victory over best-ranked Barbara Beitz.

Donna Fleyd, talented Washington, D.C. prospect, beat Tina Rodi of Beverly Hills, Calif. 10-8, 9-7, won National Girls 15-and-under title, at Chicago.

STEEPLECHASING

Fallen, Laddie Sanford's 8-year-old gelding, got skillful ride from Frank (Dooley) Adams, nation's top steeplechase jockey, finished 6½ lengths in front of Mighty Mo, won top money in 52nd running of Shillalah Handicap at Saratoga, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

Misty Morn, Wheatley Stable's 3-year-old filly with Eddie Arcaro up, fell six lengths back of leader at outset, came up with rush on backstretch, outfought Blue Sparkler in humid 90° beat to win by neck in 32nd \$61,800 Monmouth Oaks at Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.

Parade, owned by Mrs. Harvey C. Fruehauf, carried Jockey Willie Hartack over muddy track to win \$27,500 Sheridan Handicap for 3-year-olds by six lengths at Washington Park, Homewood, Ill. Hartack went on to score triple during afternoon, increased his national lead in victories to 235 against Willie Shoemaker's 229.

Determine, Andy Crevolin's plucky little gray colt, winner of 1934 Kentucky Derby, 18 out of 44 races, \$573,360 (most ever by California-owned horse), was retired to stud, will stand at C. H. Jones' Ryana Ranch in California's San Fernando Valley.

Camarrero, tiny Puerto Rican bay colt owned by Juan Coll Vidal, won 6½-furlong dash in slow time of 1:22 2/5, posted 45th consecutive victory to set new world record at San Juan, Puerto Rico.

AUTO RACING

American Automobile Association announced decision to "dissociate" from all auto racing after fulfilling 1955 commitments, ended 53 years' connection with sport. Reason: racing's emphasis on speed, power, endurance, not compatible with club's promotion of safe driving. AAA's move left 2,000 yearly races, including Indianapolis "500," looking for sponsor.

Mercedes-Benz continued domination of world auto-racing picture, won first two places in Swedish International Grand Prix at Argentinian Juan Fagnolo edged English teammate Stirling Moss by 10 yards. Italy's Eugenio Castellotti finished third in Ferrari, 90 seconds behind winner.

MILEPOSTS

APPOINTED—Rogers Hornsby, Baseball Hall of Famer, 490th living, major leagues' terrible-tempered nomad, to \$15,000-a-year post as director of Chicago's string of municipal sports schools for boys 8 to 18.

DIED—Sam Levy, 50, Milwaukee Journal baseball writer for 37 years, chairman, Milwaukee chapter, Baseball Writers of America; of heart attack, at Milwaukee.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending August 7)

AMERICAN LEAGUE			NATIONAL LEAGUE		
1. Chicago	Boston	Baltimore	1. Brooklyn	Milwaukee	Chicago
W-L, 1-4	2-1 4-8	1-2, 1-8	W-L, 1-9	4-3 3-5	8-10, 3-4
Runs, 43-43	3-7	2-2	Runs, 74-75	9-4 11-10	
Pct. .504			Pct. .679		
2. New York	Cleveland	Detroit	2. Milwaukee	Brooklyn	Pittsburgh
W-L, 1-4	2-1 1-2	3-0 3-7	W-L, 1-5	2-4 3-9	5-8 0-7
Runs, 45-45	3-6	2-4, 3-2	Runs, 60-50	8-5, 10-11	4-3, 4-2
Pct. .501			Pct. .548		
3. Cleveland	New York	Washington	3. New York	St. Louis	Cincinnati
W-L, 1-4	1-2, 3-1	5-7, 5-6	W-L, 1-3	9-1, 3-9	12-6, 4-12
Runs, 56-45	4-3	3-5	Runs, 59-52	8-3, 6-3	5-8 6-5
Pct. .507			Pct. .507		
4. Boston	Chicago	Kansas City	4. Philadelphia	Cincinnati	St. Louis
W-L, 1-4	1-2, 4-4	2-5, 5-5	W-L, 1-4	1-4, 0-2	7-4, 5-3
Runs, 43-48	7-3	10-12	Runs, 57-58	9-4, 8-4	9-6
Pct. .518			Pct. .496		
5. Detroit	Washington	New York	5. Chicago	Pittsburgh	Boston
W-L, 1-3	13-10, 3-0	0-3, 2-8	W-L, 1-2	4-5, 12-4	10-8, 4-3
Runs, 59-59	9-5	6-2, 2-3	Runs, 55-58	2-3, 6-4	
Pct. .541			Pct. .487		
6. Kansas City	Baltimore	Boston	6. Cincinnati	Philadelphia	New York
W-L, 1-4	1-5, 3-4	2-2, 6-5	W-L, 1-3	4-3, 2-8	5-12, 13-7
Runs, 46-44	5-1, 1-8	12-16	Runs, 52-55	4-6, 4-0	8-5, 5-4
Pct. .418			Pct. .663		
7. Washington	Detroit	Cleveland	7. St. Louis	New York	Philadelphia
W-L, 1-3	10-13, 5-3	7-5, 4-3	W-L, 1-4	1-9, 5-3	6-7, 2-5
Runs, 26-69	9-4	6-3	Runs, 46-60	2-3, 3-0	6-9
Pct. .361			Pct. .434		
8. Baltimore	Kansas City	Chicago	8. Pittsburgh	St. Louis	Milwaukee
W-L, 1-1	2-1, 4-5	3-1, 8-1	W-L, 1-5	4-4, 1-2	4-6, 2-0
Runs, 32-37	1-5, 3-1	2-2	Runs, 45-72	3-2, 4-5	3-8, 2-4
Pct. .322			Pct. .368		

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Batting—Al Kaline, Detroit, .331
Runs batted in—Jackie Jensen, Boston, 55
Home runs—Mickey Vernon, New York, 26
Pitching—Tommy Byrne, New York, 19-3

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Batting—Ray Campanella, Brooklyn, .331
Runs batted in—Duke Seider, Brooklyn, 100
Home runs—Duke Seider, Brooklyn, 26
Pitching—Dwight Gooden, Brooklyn, 18-1

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

FRANK MENDY, AAA 300-mile late model stock car race, in Chrysler 302, Knoxville, Tenn.

BOXING

GIL CADILLI, 7-round KO over Rudy Garcia, featherweight, Hollywood, Calif.
FARUK CAVELI, 8-round technical knockout over Tony Bazzano, lightweight, Los Angeles
STAN BRANT, 10-round decision over Eino Feinhard, middleweight, Oakland, Calif.
GARY LINDVOLD, 10-round split decision over Al Roberts, middleweight, Miami, Fla.
BOBBY BEVO, 3-round TKO over Tony Anthony, middleweight, New York
ANTHONY PERLEY, 12-round decision over Joe Brown, lightweight, New Orleans
BOBBY GILES, 10-round decision over Pedro Gonzalez, middleweight, Miami, Fla.
WANS STUTZ, 5-round KO over Fatsie Ferhoul, lightweight, Rome
GUSO ANGELO, 8-round KO over Eddie Chavez, lightweight, San Jose, Calif.
CHICO VELAZ, 10-round decision over Vic Cardelli, welterweight, Hartford, Conn.

CRICKET

BORIS SPASKEY, Moscow, World Junior championship, Antwerp, Belgium.

GOLF

LEW DEMWIS, over Ed Roarty 10 and 8, Tennessee Amateur, Nashville, Tenn.
GEO JACKSON, Cedarhurst, N.Y., with 206 for 72 holes, U.S. Amateur over 3 rounds, Chicago
WIFF SWIER, St. Clair Mich., with 332 for 72 holes, All-American women's amateur, Detroit
BOE NORMAN, Kitchener, Ont., over Lynn Campbell, Canadian Amateur, Calgary, Alberta
MARLENE STEWART, Towhiti, Ont., with 223 for 54 holes, Canadian Women's championship, Victoria, B.C.
RAY TERRY, Jacksonville, Fla., with 283 for 72 holes, World-Wide Air Force championship, Langley AFB, Va.
Ken Venturi, San Francisco, over Joseph Bracher 8 and 7, German golf championship, Meribitz, Germany.

HARNESS RACING

ROYAL PACE, \$7,500 Connecticut free-for-all but, by track in 2-53, Westbury, N.Y. Del MacTavish, driver.

HORSE RACING

REDFLY, \$18,365 Long Branch Handicap, 3/16 m., by 2-1 1/2, in 1:41 1/5, Monmouth Pk., Colts Neck, N.J.
Mark Morris up
PIRCE, \$42, 150 Whiskey Stakes, 1/8 m., by neck 2-1 1/2, in 1:41 1/5, Saratoga, N.Y.
CAREER BOY, \$26,420 United States Mat Stakes, 6 f.,

by 1/2 length in 1:12 2/5, Saratoga, N.Y. Hefley Woodberry up
RICHARD, \$13,175 Hialeah Stakes, 5/8 f., by 2 lengths, in 1:25 1/5, Saratoga, N.Y. Eddie Atkins up
DAVE'S LEE, \$12,325 Chang Manor Stakes, 2 f., by 1/2 in 1:21 2/5, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill. Willie Shoemaker up

MOTORBOATING

GARY GIBSON, Outer Beach, 300-, 20,217 mph (new world record), in 1000-lb. 1954, Tolsonair Sweepstakes Regatta, Norfolk, Va.
ARVID NYLUND, Milwaukee, Wis. Openend Cup Sweepstakes regatta, 216-m., in 7:28 3/4, Redding, Calif.

MOTORCYCLING

WARREN SHERWOOD, Cornell, N.Y., 39-lap AMA race, Williams Grove, Pa.

POLO

MAULE PARK, Pa. over Philadelphia, 8-3, at Brandywine, Pa.
BRANDYWIN over Upperville, 18-, 11-7, at Brandywine, Pa.
BRANDYWIN over Upperville PC, 5-1, at Monmouth, N.J.

SAWING

TEXAS, with 13½ points, Southernst women's championship, Temple, Pa.
FOLIE PACHEL, skippered by Betty Roberts, Chattanooga, Tenn., 1st in 1955 Junior championship, Alabama Lake Co.
RONALD HORNIGER, 1st over Manhattan Bay YC, N.Y., last Regatta, New York Regatta
CARLINA H. owned by Richard F. Rye, Greenwich, Conn., New York YC Challenge Cup, Cowes, England.

SHOOTING

JOHN CARTER, Aspen, Colo. downhill rifle, in 2:27 8/10, 105 yards, Petalio, Chile. Summer-10, Tom Carver, Westfield, N.J.

TENNIS

GARDNER MULLOY, Denver, Colo., over Linn Rockwood, 7-5, 6-1, 6-4, International cupplayoff, Salt Lake City
ART LARSEN, San Leandro, Calif., over Vladimir Skarner, 5-8, 6-3, 7-5, 6-8, 6-3, Newburg 101 men's singles title, Newburg, Germany
NORM FURNESS, Australia, over Erik Halmberg, 6-4, 6-4, Newburg 101 women's singles title, Newburg, Germany
GARY GOLDEN, Wimbledon 101, over Roger Pratt, 6-3, 6-1, 6-2, All Army singles title, Ft. Belvoir, Md.
BOGE PATTY and GIFFORD WYN CHAM, over Adrian Galt, Royal Linn, 6-1, 7-5, 6-4, 5-7, Newburg 101 men's doubles title, Newburg, Germany

AUGUST 12, 1955

26 MILLION MAGAZINES LATER

IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT...

A YEAR AGO this day, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's staff was happily relaxed. With Paul O'Neil's brilliant reporting of the now-famous Vancouver Mile as its lead story, the first issue of the new magazine had gone to press.

We had already spent a full year preparing for that first issue, studying and researching and watching sports from every angle. Many of us had been in the sports reporting business a long time. We had seen a lot of records broken, rookies made into stars, games won and lost. We had followed the hunting trails and scouted the fishing grounds. Even so, after an experimental year of taking a new long look at sports, we were wide-eyed at all there was still to see. We came up from our record books and trial runs and called it "the wonderful world of sport."

Maybe we were naïve. But the truth was we had just discovered an important part of life.

Now we've had our first publishing year with sports, four full seasons. A lot of things happened: five milers broke the four-minute barrier; the Davis Cup came home from Australia; the Dodgers ran up the longest string of opening-season wins in major league history; an unknown pro from Iowa defeated mighty Ben Hogan in the Open; for the second time in 81 years, a California-bred horse won the Kentucky Derby; the world's highest mountains were falling like tempins.

It was a golden year to launch America's first national sports weekly.

The goals we set for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

These were the goals we set for ourselves at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's beginning:

to cover all sports; to turn to the world of sports the talents of the best writers and the best photographers; to find in every sport not only the enduring essentials of human achievement, but the exuberance, color, and quiet pleasure of sports; above all, to be authoritative.

In this year that has now passed, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has covered some 95 sports. Among them—golf, written to the satisfaction of BOBBY JONES, who told us so... boxing, to the satisfaction of JACK DEMPSEY; he told us so... track and field, to the satisfaction of ROGER BANNISTER; he let us know... baseball, to the satisfaction of the father

(continued on next page)



26 MILLION MAGAZINES LATER

(continued from previous page)



William Faulkner (left) was covering the Kentucky Derby for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* '51, May 14, when the news reached him that he had won the year's Pulitzer Prize.

Staff writer Coles Pincus relies on the collapsed five balloons in which he has just plummeted from 4,200 feet (SI, Nov. 22)



Associate Editor Paul O'Neill stays close to his subject as Edward Charles meets the press.

of the modern game, **BRANCH RICKEY**; he sent us a letter saying so.

PAUL GALLICO (who had written "Farewell to Sport") said hello to sports again and for us has written as of old on fencing, fishing and cricket. Nobel and Pulitzer Prize winner **WILLIAM FAULKNER** has covered hockey and the Kentucky Derby. **JOHN P. MARQUAND**, another Pulitzer Prize winner, began his series on country clubs early this summer.

BUDD SCHULBERG, winner of an Academy Award for "On the Waterfront," writes regularly of boxing (and in part tribute to his *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* articles was given Notre Dame's 1955 Bengal Bouts Award as "the man who had done most for boxing in the past year"). Still another Pulitzer Prize writer, **JOHN STEINBECK**, has written about fishing. **HERBERT WARREN WIND**, called by those who know the most sensitive and literate golf writer the game has ever had, is *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s golf authority.

Staff photographers **HY PESKIN** (who has won more prizes for sports photography than any other cameraman in the country), **MARK KAUFFMAN** (winner of the White House News Photographers Association spot news award last year), and **RICHARD MEEK** (whose color picture of jockey silks has already become a sports classic) have added to their reputations as three of the finest in the business.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's very first story, **PAUL O'NEIL**'s account of the Vancouver Mile, was selected for the famous annual, *Best Sports Stories 1955*; and **GERALD HOLLAND**'s long-range survey of sports, "The Golden Age Is Now," was made required reading by Ohio State University for its physical education students.

SI has devised solid journalistic inventions and innovations such as Conversation Piece, Spectacle, Preview, Yesterday, Scooting Report, Pat on the Back and You Should Know to sharpen the week's news. Taken altogether, they provide a new vantage point from which to view the whole thrilling sports panorama.

And finally, for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, sports experts have become writers—and contributed the authority of the years they have devoted to their fields—for example, **HERMAN HICKMAN** and **OTTO GRAHAM** on football; **EDDIE ARCADE** on racing; **BILLY TALBERT** and **SARAH PALFREY** on tennis; **TENZING**, **CHARLES EVANS**, and **DR. CHARLES HOUSTON** on mountain climbing; **PAUL RICHARDS**, **RED SMITH**, **FRANK FRISCH** on baseball...

How "The Wonderful World of Sport" looks to one reader

How much our readers think of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is evident in the department known as The 19th Hole, certainly the liveliest letters-to-the-editor section in any magazine.

It has been a true test of the way *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has tapped not one, but many appeals to people whose hearts lie in sports, for one or for many reasons. They tell

us it seems incredible that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED hasn't already been around as long as sports themselves, and we don't mind confessing that their letters have given us some of the happiest moments of the year.

Out of all the words our readers have written to and about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, probably none have said so well what this magazine has meant to the sports world as these from a gentleman in Alabama:

"Although we are original subscribers to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, at our house, I have resisted writing down my thoughts about the magazine, or should I say one aspect of it, until now . . .

"Your phrase, 'The Wonderful World of Sport,' is to me the finest possible description of your magazine. It catches the eye, it conveys so many things, and it can be interpreted in so many ways that I can no longer resist telling you what it means to me.

"I recall—when I was 11, I believe it was—that my Dad got me and my older brother out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning. We put on four pairs of socks, heavy underwear, at least two shirts, a couple of sweaters, and coveralls, plus a stocking cap. We poured scalding hot water on the manifold and cranked up the old Ford for a 12-mile ride to a little slough where we knew the mallards would be feeding.

"The wonderful world of sport means getting up before daylight in the little town I lived in, and hurrying down to the tennis courts, and sitting on the court until daylight to be sure we'd have a court to play on.

"It means a basket in the backyard where all the neighborhood kids came before and after school and all day Saturday and Sunday. It means a box of magazines in the basement where we could shoot the rifle. It means football—first touch, then tackle, and then touch again. It means pole-vaulting with a broken javelin shaft when I weighed 60 pounds. It means sports idols, band music, cheering crowds, walking miles to play . . .

"Some people would say people my age are over the hill, even though we still compete in golf, tennis, bowling, fishing, hunting. But a true sportsman is never over the hill if he really believes in what you so rightfully call 'The Wonderful World of Sport.' It is truly just that—a wonderful world of sport."

As SPORTS ILLUSTRATED goes into its second year, we couldn't agree more. Perhaps we're just one year less naïve, but we're surer than ever that it's indeed a wonderful world.

Silvanus L. Jones

Managing Editor



Photographer Richard Mink uses ladder to get a few feet closer for a shot of pole vaulter at the IC-4A meet.

Photographer Hy Peskin (left) wades an icy stream with camera and two friends while covering an Alaskan Bear Hunt. (SI, May 23)



SI Reporter Virginia Kraft with Guastafonso Frasso and aides when she covered his swastika, a bear and deer hunt in the grand manner. (SI, May 2)

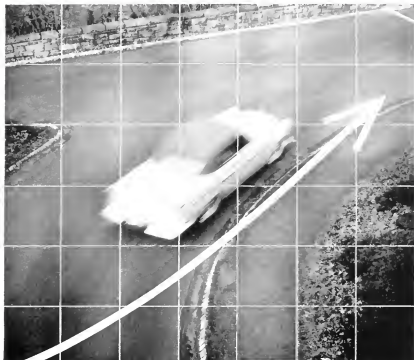


Associate Editor Al Wright (left) digs out a dogfight story from the Yankees' public manager, Casey Stengel. (SI, March 14)



SI Reporter Robert H. Boyle counter takes notes from a front seat during hearings on "boxing's dirty business."

This, Too, Is **THE FORWARD LOOK**



POWERFLITE PRODUCTION LINES NOW BEING DOUBLED

SO GREAT HAS BEEN THE DEMAND for Chrysler Corporation cars with PowerFlite Automatic Transmission that a new PowerFlite plant in Kokomo, Indiana, is being speeded for Fall completion. The plant (800,000 sq. ft.) plant will more than double present production capacity!

IT'S A PRINCIPLE OF THE FORWARD LOOK to keep buyers of Chrysler Corporation cars ahead in performance, in safety and in styling. PowerFlite, the best combination

of smoothness and acceleration in no-shift drives, is a good example of **THE FORWARD LOOK**.

SO IS THE NEW KOKOMO POWERFLITE PLANT. **THE FORWARD LOOK** is moving swiftly ahead on all fronts—with new ideas, new ways to improve your driving life and with new plants and facilities to make these improvements available to you as soon as possible.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE FORWARD LOOK.



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EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

The significance of 1941 • Too many mollycoddles? •
Hurricane Tommy • The uninvited cat • Courageous
Babe Didrikson • Skin diving and good common sense

IMMEMORIAL YEAR

IT DID NOT make the headlines but a word has just arrived of a Long Island couple with a 10-year-old named Peter whose principal subject of conversation this summer has been the American League pennant race. They were pleased and even sentimentally touched the other day when he began to ask questions about something else, in fact, about his parents' first meeting, their courtship, engagement and so on. He took the answers in relaxed fashion until he learned that mummy and daddy got married in 1941.

"Why, that's wonderful!" exclaimed Peter.

"Why, particularly, Peter?"

"Do you realize," Peter said, stressing every word, "that 1941 was the very year Ted Williams hit .406?"

A CODDLED U.S.A.?

THE STATISTICAL insult implicit in the Kraus-Prudden report on physical fitness (see page 39) used to start fist fights. It calls us a nation of mollycoddles. And it may be significant that mollycoddle is an old-fashioned word, that modern slang has no term for the sleek-muscled, pampered youngster connoted by these figures. Is he now too commonplace to be singled out for ridicule?

Perhaps the statistics distort the situation, for with other figures one may prove that Americans are among

the world's healthiest peoples because we live so long. But longevity statistics, taken by themselves, distort the situation, too. That we live longer is due largely to preventive medicine's victory over most childhood diseases, to Schick tests and antibiotics, to sewage disposal and milk control, none of which ever put an inch on a blooper.

But after a child has been vaccinated, inoculated and trained to accept chlorinated tap water as a normal beverage, little is done to encourage the muscular development which is his birthright and in cruder times resulted

from doing what came naturally. The playpen and a plastic toy keep him sanitariously quiescent. The puny trees of most city and suburban backyards are seldom fit for him to climb. Their stand-ins, the pipe-rack "jungle bars" of the playground, are neither challenging nor especially useful to his muscular growth. The school bus gives him portal-to-portal service, making it unnecessary for him even to run hard in order not to be late for school. If he trips in the playground he skins his knees on brick or concrete, a simple deterrent to hard play. And if he isn't

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Scott Frost repaid the confidence of the handicappers by trotting to victory in the Hambletonian with two consecutive near-record heats. Then his owner sent a rose from the winner's wreath to Swaps, a fellow California 3-year-old.

Duke Snider, whose 38th home run put him seven games ahead of Babe Ruth's all-time home run pace, hoped out loud that he wouldn't beat the Babe's record of 60 in one season. "His record should stand forever," the Duke conceded. "He made this game great for the kids. He made it great for us. We are benefiting because of him."

Ernie Banks, the stringy Chicago Cub shortstop who is almost watching homers with Snider, attributed his new power to a 31-ounce bat—so light he can whip it at a speed faster than the flight of the pitch.

Sir Edmund Hillary interrupted a lecture tour and hurried home to New Zealand to

head his country's forthcoming Antarctic expedition. The co-conqueror of Everest balked, however, at a recommended precaution: removal of his perfectly healthy appendix before departure. "Actually," he said, "I'm rather fond of it."

Germany showed signs of athletic unification as West Germany awaited a reply from East Germany to an invitation to meet on August 27 and work out plans for an all-German Olympic team in 1956.

The American Automobile Association withdrew its 33-year sponsorship of automobile racing, partly because of tragedies like Le Mans, partly because it questioned racing's contribution to modern cars.

San Quentin Prison, starting its second year of football, looked to Delaware Kelley and Knuckles O'Neal to help win the Ball & Chain Trophy in its September classic with San Francisco State at the Rock Bowl.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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good enough to make a school team he is not likely to play hard at anything.

Europeans have whipped us in the physical fitness tests partly because they tolerate exercise for its own sake—gymnastics and physical jerks—partly because their best-loved game, soccer, can be played by the very young as well as by the fully developed. It is not all done with black bread and shanks' mare.

Our national sports are baseball, basketball and football. Baseball is fine but it is not the ideal conditioning sport. Football is fine but it is not for the very young. Basketball is fine but it has become a sport of the very tall.

It is unlikely Americans ever will take up physical jerks. There is something about exercise *en masse* that runs against our individualistic national grain. Soccer must compete with our brand of football, too fine a spectator sport to give way to its predecessor.

The problem is not with spectator sports, of which we have a plethora of the finest, or with those who are athlete enough to play them. It is with the idea that athletes are specially gifted persons able to make teams and that all the rest of us must be content to be their flabby admirers, exercising only our lungs.

Jimmy Jewell's interviews with a cross section of well-known people (page 32) are an indication that a lot of informed Americans are concerned about the subject. The recommendations of these qualified witnesses differ—indeed, perhaps the two things they have in common are that they used to be children themselves and that they would like to see effective action.

SI is also concerned and for that reason has devoted a good deal of space to it in this issue. SI expects to return to the subject. It hopes that the press and other leaders of community action will keep on it too.

THE NEW HURRICANE

THE FIGHT between Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson and Exzard Charles was supposed to put an end to the Hurricane's bid for serious recognition as a heavyweight contender. Instead, as a nationwide television audience learned, it didn't put an end to Jackson's bid, outlandish as it might have seemed at times. The Hurricane won a unanimous decision. The decision was a surprise to most boxing fans, but it wasn't to Whitey Blumstein who, along with

Freddie Brown, trains Jackson. The reason: The New Hurricane.

"He's beavin' himself, that's what," says Whitey. "Me and Freddie took him down to Ehsan's for trainin'. We kept him outta the city. He was on the road every mornin'.

"The other guy thought he had a pushover—that Jackson couldn't think. But between Freddie and myself, we got him to thinkin'. Jackson did a lotta jabbin' and slippin'. Charles thought Jackson was goin' in. After the first round, Jackson's sickin' him, fentin' him and throwin' Charles off balance. The last two rounds we let him loose with two hands, and he throws that uppercut. Jackson could have gone 40. Jackson, he don't worry about nobody.

"Tommy's learnin' a lot. He's gettin' ring wise. When he was down in camp, he was flyin' a couple of kites. One day he took a walk with his sparrin' partner, and he comes back with the kite. Every day a new kite. When the kite wouldn't go up fast enough, he'd tear the kite apart. If he behaves himself he'll go a long way."

TWO-HEADED CAT

IT WOULD BE difficult for a man with two heads to be admitted as a member of some country clubs. It isn't easy, either, to enter a boat with two hulls in some sailboat races. Take the recent Los Angeles to Honolulu race which is, in a way, the apex of yachting on the Pacific Coast. There were 53

official entries this year, all handsome, deep-water keel boats that everyone knew and recognized, if not by name at least by their highly traditional and highly acceptable bearing.

Then one day not long before the race a catamaran, a strange-looking something with not one but two hulls built separately and fastened together



by a kind of bridge set between them, sailed into Los Angeles; and its crew said how about them entering it in the race?

The race committee, a committee in the fine old sense, thought at first that this wouldn't do at all; and the committee spent two days ignoring the two-hulled monster, hoping it would go away. Had it been a proper catamaran, it would have gone away. Cats just don't enter ocean races. For one thing, their tricky, twin-hull construction is supposed to be unsafe for long trips across open water. The fact that this particular cat, 40 feet long and called the *Waikiki Sloop*, had just crossed swiftly and safely from Honolulu was a point in its favor, but not one you necessarily had to accept. More important were the Cruising Club of America rules, which occupy 22 pages and govern every American ocean race that anyone cares about. The Cruising Club rules give time allowances to smaller, slower boats, and hence make all men more or less equal. But nowhere, even in fine print, does a boat with more than one hull have any status at all.

Ira Fulmer, chairman of the Transpacific race committee and skipper of the eventual winner, a fine old ketch named *Shogwood*, brushed off the catamaran with a kind of salt logic. "Racing cats against conventional yachts," he said, "is like throwing a fashion show and then having one person enter it nude, doing handstands." A crewman on another entry thought it would be "like entering a kangaroo at Santa Anita."

Mamupal or nude, the catamaran failed to go away; and on the third day the committee magnanimously offered her a courtesy start, i.e., a timed start and a timed finish, but no official place and no awards. Skipper Ernest Nowell, a Honolulu realtor, turned down the offer; and his regular crew, willing to settle for this half a loaf, walked off the cat for good. Nowell thereupon



ROAD JAM ON ROUTE 22

You take the high road and I'll take the low road,

You take the byroad and I'll take the toll road,

And lucky if either gets home by Monday

Sie transit gloria Sunday.

—GWYNETH KAHN

pulled out himself and appointed 24-year-old Richard Muirhead skipper.

Muirhead rounded up four amateurs—Buzzy Trent, 26, a Santa Monica lifeguard; John Hoon, 23, a Honolulu student; Pete Brinkman, 23, a Los Angeles student; and Dave Rochlen, 30, a Santa Monica teacher—none of whom had ever had anything to do with catamarans. They accepted the courtesy start, and on July 4 headed into the Pacific an hour after the rest of the fleet.

For seven days they set a pace that would have brought them to Hawaii in eight and a half days—two days faster than the existing record and a full day ahead of this year's record-setting first finisher, the 98-foot *Morning Star*. During an 18-hour stretch, planing dizzily down the Pacific swells as their speed indicator spun up to 30 knots, they covered 310 nautical miles.

"At those speeds," said Brinkman, "you get punchy. You feel like you're headed for a brick wall, or you start imagining a log lying in the water ahead."

"She'd start to sing," said Trent. "If you were in your bunk you could feel the waves banging against the hull right through your mattress." But hardly anyone went to his bunk. Usually it was more restful to crouch on a cushion laid down on the hull-joining wing; and for meals they ate beans, canned stew, and, when provisions ran low, mustard sandwiches.

On the seventh day a narrow, five-foot-long crack opened in the port hull. There was no immediate danger of sinking, but to be safe the cat slowed for two days, waiting for another sail to give them company just in case. When another racer finally hove in sight, the catamaran piled the canvas back on and aimed for the finish.

After 10 days and 15 hours, they reached Honolulu. The crew, bearded, tanned, barefoot and having lost an average of 14 pounds to the man, looked like something out of *Typee*. Their time, however, was quite respectable: 2 days 8 hours faster than the over-all winner *Stephens*, 1 day 10 hours faster than the Class C winner, 19 hours ahead of the Class B winner, and only 10 hours behind the Class A winner, which was 35 feet longer than the cat.

None of this made the keelboatmen any happier. While most were willing to concede the cat a place, that place was not necessarily full in the sun.

Said Chairman Ira Fulmor: "I don't think the cat should horn in on organized racing."

Said Class A Winner Frank Hooykaas: "There should be a class only for catamarans, and a separate award."

Said Class C Winner Peter Grant: "I wish they hadn't started this."

VOICES OF SPORT

THE LEAN, or post-McGraw, Giant fan husbands his memories; now that the wine of victory has begun to taste of wormwood with a Brooklyn bouquet, he reflects often on the vintage years 1951 and 1954. So it is that while followers of sport generally will find much to savor in Columbia's *Greatest Moments in Sports*, a 12-inch LP now in record shops, addicts of the Giants should be transported beyond compare. For on this disk, along with the voices of many superstars (and a supercoat or two) of the last three decades, is preserved that quintessential fragment of Giant drama, the pennant-winning Bobby Thomson home run as described in happy delirium by Broadcaster Russ Hodges.

The Thomson nugget is a fractional part of a 40-minute record whose emphasis is on baseball and boxing, with excursions into football, horse racing, track and tennis. Here are Babe Ruth, speaking with lighthearted zest in his prime, with humility and aching difficulty when near death; Lou Gehrig in his famous farewell; Knute Rockne in

a locker-room fight talk to end them all; Roger Bannister, still panting from the exertions of the first four-minute mile, graciously facing the music after that wrong-way run. Here, too, are Dempsey and Tunney and Louis and a mixed bag of the Bomber's foes. The voices of these and others are linked by a running narration.

That the Thomson incident was preserved only by lucky accident (by a boy fiddling at home with a tape recorder, then thoughtfully selling the tape to Hodges' sponsor) was typical of the 13-month search for material by the producers, Bud Greenspan, former sports broadcaster, and James Hammerstein, stage manager of that other sporting venture, Broadway's *Deen Yunkies*, and son of Oscar Hammerstein II. A sports motion picture team now, Greenspan and Hammerstein prowled network and newsreel vaults (and discovered that some potentially rich collections had been destroyed), appealed to sports personalities for leads, beamed newspaper ads at private collectors, dodged purveyors of phony re-creations. "We skipped the sound of Man o' War's hoofbeats," Greenspan said, "because people might say it could be any old dobbie."

On Manhattan's Seventh Avenue, the Columbia people are as happy as a

continued on next page



"Who has a sense of humor?"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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contented Giant fan. Selling at a thousand copies a day, the record is second only to a collection of Viennese waltzes on the firm's LP bestseller list.

BABE DIDRIKSON

EVANSTON, Ill. July 16, 1932 (AP): *Miss Mildred (Babe) Didrikson of Dallas, today won single-handedly the National AAU track and field championship for her club, and reserved for herself three places on the Olympic squad. Incidental to her big day's work, in which she raced from one event to another, changing shoes between times, she won five first places, a tie for another and a fourth place. One world record went to her credit, and she shared another.*

LOS ANGELES, July 31, 1932 (New York Times): *Miss Mildred (Babe) Didrikson sent the universal record for the javelin throw into the discard when she launched the long spear for a winning toss of 113 feet 4 inches, the great throw in the stadium making the welkin ring with the most terrific demonstration of the day. . . .*

LOS ANGELES, August 4, 1932: *The only fruits according to the United States after the harvest of yesterday was the eyelash victory of the versatile Miss Mildred (Babe) Didrikson . . . in the 80-meter hurdle . . . The Texas girl is all fight from the tip of her toes to the top of her straight black hair.*

Twenty-odd years ago, newspaper stories on Babe Didrikson's latest records were almost commonplace—if the feats that inspired them were not. To the Boston Transcript, Babe Didrikson NOW RANKS FIRST IN WOMEN'S TRACK; to the New York Times, she was simply "the greatest all-around star in the history of women's athletics." At the time these encomiums were heaped upon her, Babe was a thin, nervous, twangy-voiced 18-year-old girl who had grown up in Beaumont in the midst of six brothers and sisters. She looked a little like Bonnie Parker, a celebrated gun moll of the period, but she was actually a respectable typist (100 words a minute) employed by a Dallas insurance company. She led the company basketball team to the national championships and was three times an All-American herself. All this, of course, was before the equally astounding golf career—82 tournaments won in 18 years, including 17 straight. And before the equally astounding comeback last year after

her operation for cancer, when she won three major tournaments, including the Women's National Open, although as she said, "I haven't quite as much stamina as I used to." Nonetheless, she found plenty of energy to support good causes, to help in cancer-research drives. One of her latest messages appears on page 72 of this issue of SI.

But a story from Texas last week made poignant any recollection of Babe Didrikson's great days, her victories and her courage. In Galveston, her husband, George Zaharias, disclosed that the cancer ailment has come back. She will receive X-ray and radiation treatment. "Whatever comes after that—we just don't know."

ATTENTION, SKIN DIVERS

WITH AMERICANS taking to the underwater in ever-increasing numbers, a series of fatal and near-fatal accidents has occurred in coastal and inland waters, demonstrating that skin diving has its hazards as well as its joys.

As in driving an automobile, handling mask, flippers and self-contained breathing device calls for a qualified, skilled human as well as good mechanical equipment, and practically all accidents have been caused by failure of the man rather than the apparatus. Some divers—incredibly—have been poor swimmers to begin with, evidently donning diving gear in the belief that it

would transform them, magically, into human fish—which, of course, it won't. In addition to learning to swim well, here are some rules to follow if you plan to try this extremely rewarding sport:

Always dive in pairs. The time-honored "buddy" system saves lives.

Don't use ear plugs; they tend to cause ear ruptures from the inside out. You can learn to clear your ears naturally.

Always use a float. Inner tubes or paddleboards can be used to rest gear and to stretch out stricken divers for all-important respiration exercises.

Avoid homemade breathing tanks; some have been shown to contain carbon monoxide.

Handle spear guns with the same care you would other deadly weapons.

Use quick-release buckles on all weight belts. Be ready to jettison equipment; nothing should hinder a fast ascent when necessary.

Plan some effective method of two-way communication between divers and watchers.

Look up before surfacing. Jagged rock ledges and masses of kelp can loom up unexpectedly.

Let the air out of your lungs steadily as you ascend. If you hold your breath, the air expands in your lungs.

Dress simply; you're not auditioning for a frogman movie. All the novice really needs is trunks, a float, flippers and a mask.

SPECTACLE

U.S. WATER BABIES

A sparkling crop of young women, many still in their teens, could play a vital role in our bid for Olympic supremacy

Thrashing purposefully through the water on the following four pages are some of our brightest young girl swimming stars. Like Sprint and Backstroke Champion Shelley Mann (*opposite*), they all hold national titles and will be competing in Philadelphia this weekend at the national AAU outdoor championships. For the most part they are lithe, graceful athletes, young enough so that it is reasonable to expect that their greatest performances are yet to come. There is such depth in quality today among U.S. girl swimmers that they are driving each other to successively better performances, rewriting the record book at a clip that promises well for our chances in the 1956 Olympics. Much of this championship talent is concentrated in the powerful Walter Reed Swim Club of Washington, D.C., perennial national team champions. For a look at Walter Reed and its quiet young coach, see page 19.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN





MARY JANE SEARS, Walter Reed Swim Club, is national outdoor and indoor orthodox breaststroke champion. Only 15, she holds the American record of 2:44.9 for 200 yards, set at New Haven, Conn. this winter.

CORALIE O'CONNOR, Lafayette (Ind.) Swim Club, beat Shelley Mann in 100-yard backstroke upset at indoor nationals this spring. She holds the U.S. long-course record for women at 110 yards, with 1:17.1 clocking.





CAROLYN GREEN, 21, Fort Lauderdale (Fla.) Swimming Association, scored impressive triple victory in long-distance freestyle races at last year's AAU outdoor championships, winning at 400, 800 and 1,500 meters.





WANDA WERNER of Walter Reed, 15-year-old Bethesda, Md. 10th grader, holds the long-course record for 220-yard freestyle, won 200-meter freestyle over Argentina's Lilliana Gonzalez at Pan-American Games.

BETTY MULLEN, at 23 oldest of the Walter Reed girls, is an Army lieutenant. Converted from a freestyler to the butterfly stroke, she set a world record time of 1:55.4 for the 160-yard butterfly event earlier this year.



STAN TINKHAM'S TEEN-AGERS

A swimming GI took over reluctantly as head coach of the Walter Reed Swim Club, applied low-pressure psychology and high-pressure training to make national champions of his hard-working youngsters

by LEE GRIGGS

AT THE BLAST of a whistle, half a dozen teen-age girls in black swimsuits hit the water in unison and threshed full speed to the far end of the pool. There—reaching up the ledge—they snatched toy balloons, blew air into them until the balloons burst and then freestyled it back to the whistle blower at the starting point for the next exercise and the next and next.

Whistle-blowing Coach Stan Tinkham has enough muscle- and lung-developing exercises to keep his pupils busy all morning and all afternoon, 365 days a year. As coach of the Walter Reed Swim Club of Washington, D.C. for the past two seasons, husky, 23-year-old Stan Tinkham has seen his methods produce champions. His Walter Reed team, composed mostly of teen-agers and including such bright particular stars as Shelley Mann, Betty Mullen and Mary Jane Sears, swept the AAU indoor championships this spring and is an overwhelming favorite to win the outdoor title in Philadelphia this week.

Walter Reed currently holds three world and 23 American records. They are gradually erasing marks set a decade or more ago by the likes of Ann Curtis and Gloria Callen, and with Tinkham driving them to the point of exhaustion in daily workouts the year round, they are improving all the time. So good is the 1953 Reed team that some of its members are closing in on records only recently established by Mary Freeman and Gail Peters, former Reed stars who helped bring the team into national prominence several years ago.

A girl who wants to swim seriously for Walter Reed must forgo a lot of self-indulgences. The training diet is strict—no cokes, pies or banana splits. Bedtime is 9:30; hence dates are rationed. Practice is scheduled for 7 a.m. so that the girls can get an hour of work before school. The girls appear promptly, swim 20 laps just to warm up, then swim some more, using practically every stroke in the book.

If the Tinkham regimen is severe, his answer could well be: the girls are volunteers—and they want to be champions. Four months before each of the year's two big meets—the indoor and outdoor nationals—Tinkham starts building up the training pace. Daily workouts stress conditioning exercises to melt teen-age fat off hips and water games to build muscle tone and coordination.

In the third month, workouts are stepped up to two a day, featuring tortuous wind sprints in seven-lap cycles. The girls swim each lap differently but always at a sprint clip. After loafing for a few laps, they start another seven-lap cycle. Three or four cycles a session leave the girls gasping by the side of the pool. As the big days approach, Tinkham eases off on the drudgery, takes stop watch in hand and races his youngsters.

Realizing the danger of all work and no play, Tinkham sugar-coats the pill with trick relays. Even these are rugged.

One finds a girl swimming the length of the pool towing two others. The middle girl in the chain is underwater most of the trip. Then they switch positions and start back.

Tinkham, a onetime University of North Carolina swimmer, has been eminently successful in handling his potentially volatile young champions. Blowups are rare. He seldom raises his voice, acts more like an older brother than a coach. When at a meet, he not only follows their training rules but he goes along on such relaxations as roller-coaster rides and the like. He shuns credit after Walter Reed victories. "The girls worked hard," he'll say.

The Walter Reed Swim Club is sponsored by the Army's Walter Reed Medical Center, though membership is not restricted to Army families. Tinkham was an Army private swimming for the men's division of the club when the club's former coach, Jim Campbell, quit in a feud with the local AAU on the eve of the 1954 indoor nationals. A fair swimmer in his college days at North Carolina, he took Campbell's place reluctantly, settled his nervous stars with quiet soothing words and won a championship. Many of the Reed stars were developed by Campbell, and Tinkham admits it ("I walked into a good thing"), but under his quietly effective coaching the stars have improved and new ones have blossomed. The work is incredibly rugged, but the girls of Walter Reed can always look forward to a tension-relaxer when they win. They pick up Stan Tinkham and toss him into the pool. (END)



SUPERVISING WORKOUT, Coach Tinkham calls out instructions from poolside as his Walter Reed stars practice leg kicking.

DETROIT STEALS SEATTLE'S

PHOTOGRAPH BY BLUNT GLINN

EVER SINCE *Slo-Mo-Skua IV*, a daringly new kind of Gold Cup hydroplane, made her bellowing debut five years ago, Seattle has been the capital of the noisy, spume-hung realm of marine speed, and Stanley M. Sayres, her wealthy owner, has been its undisputed monarch. *Slo-Mo* was the first of the monster "prop-riders"—aerodynamic curves were built into her hull, her engine was pushed forward to keep her stern high, and at racing speeds she became partially airborne and skimmed with but a few square inches of forward sponsons and only the lower half of her propeller arc in the water. Alarmingly free of drag, she hit a world record of

178 mph; with her newer sister, *Slo-Mo-Skua V*, she has kept the Gold Cup year after year against all assaults.

But last Sunday, while a quarter of a million hopeful partisans crowded up along miles of Seattle's sun-drenched, fir-framed Lake Washington, the reign of Stanley Sayres and the *Slo-Mos* came to a dramatic end and the Gold Cup went back to Detroit. It was blinding speed which did the bright red *Slo-Mos* in—speed which made the 1955 Gold Cup the most hair-raising as well as the most curious on record. *Slo-Mo V* hit a gust of wind at 165 mph while qualifying, became completely airborne, looped 50 feet above

the water and was wrecked; *Slo-Mo IV* fell out two laps short of home and victory with a blazing engine, leaving a hot new Seattle boat, orange-hulled *Miss Thriftway*, winner of two of the race's three heats.

But it was poker-faced teamwork by frustrated Detroit owners which won the race. Just before the last heat they held a hurried shoreside conference and agreed to send trailing, twin-engined *Suck Crust III* out as a blocker for their only hope, *Gale V*, which had been second in the first heat, second in the second and which eventually was third in the final 30 miles. They had good reason: under Gold Cup rules the boat

"GALE V" OF DETROIT STRAIGHTENS OUT AFTER A FAST TURN IN THE SECOND HEAT OF THE GOLD CUP ON SEATTLE'S LAKE WASHINGTON.



PRIDE

Joe Schoenith's 'Gale V' won speedboating's prized Gold Cup last Sunday—not because she was the fastest boat in the race but because the Detroiters hatched a plan to beat all rivals

by PAUL O'NEIL

with the fastest average for the full 90 miles gets a 400-point bonus.

The jubilant Seattle crowds started home, certain that *Miss Thriftway*, owned by Willard Rhodes, Northwest grocery executive, had guaranteed another Gold Cup race on Lake Washington next year. But *Miss Thriftway* had run one slow heat—the first—and in the third *Sack Crust* had blocked her on the turns for laps, slowing her time. An hour after the race was over the timers made a startling announcement: *Gale V*, owned by Joe Schoenith, Detroit electric supply contractor, and driven by his chunky 28-year-old son

Lee, had run the 90 miles 4:53 seconds faster than the new Seattle boat and was the winner.

Gale V had never been in real contention with either *Slo-Mo* or *Miss Thriftway* as they gave thundering expression to the enmity which now exists between Designer Ted Jones (creator of both boats) and his former friend and confidant, Stanley Snyses. *Slo-Mo* had left the winner behind in setting a new lap record of 107 mph and a new heat record of 103:139. But *Gale V*, though she had trailed throughout the race, nevertheless ran the 90 miles faster than it had ever been run before; an average 99.526 mph.

Her record time gave statistical expression to the fierceness with which the battle was fought, and in a way her curious victory seemed only fitting. Seldom if ever in the history of the Gold Cup had race day approached amid such an atmosphere of tension, danger, acrimony, vaulting ambition and vaulting local pride. From the day the gleaming, deadly big hydroplanes—the heavyweights of speedboat competition—were trucked into Seattle it was evident that in 1955, for the first time, the *Slo-Mos* were in for a genuine fight. Designer Jones had lent his genius to the construction of three new

continued on next page

THOUGH SHE TRAILED "SLO-MO IV" IN THE FIRST HEAT AND "MISS THRIFTWAY" IN THE OTHERS, "GALE" AVERAGED THE BEST TIME OF ALL



THE GOLD CUP RACE

continued from page 21

boats, well built on *Slo-Mo* lines and principles—his own boat *Rebel Sub*, *Miss Thrifway* and Guy Lombardo's new *Tempo VII*. He was grimly bent on humbling Sayres—*Rebel* and *Thrifway* operated and were serviced as a team and during the year he had also lent a hand at modifying many of the Detroit boats, among them *Gale V*. The Detroit owners were also sick to death of humble pie. They were humanly envious of the fact that Greater Seattle, Inc.—an organization which has annually promoted tourist-pulling, carnival-like Seafair Week in conjunction with the Gold Cup races—has contributed more than \$30,000 a year toward the maintenance and operation of Sayres's *Slo-Mos*.

Almost from the first day of tests and warmups it was also evident that speeds were due to rise to startling levels. Both *Slo-Mos* had new Rolls Royce aircraft engines rated at 1,650 horsepower. Most of the other boats were powered by 16-cylinder Allison's, rated at 1,150. But in both cases engines were hopped to the bursting point—the Allison's, designed to turn 2,800 rpm in an airplane, were being pushed to 3,500 rpm and sometimes close to 4,000 by tremendous supercharging and were delivering 2,000 hp and providing up to 170 mph in the stretches.

It seemed almost certain that there would be a big field—perhaps as many as 12 boats. Referee Melvin Crook of Montclair, N.J., a New York businessman and an editor of *Yachting* magazine, felt a nerve-straining concern for the safety of drivers as he watched daring, lighthearted Danny Foster qualify Lombardo's *Tempo VII* at a record 116.8 mph and then saw bespectacled Joe Taggart of Canton, Ohio top him in the *Slo-Mo-IV* with 117.891. Both men were coming into the turns at 130 mph. Steering an all but airborne Gold Cupper is not merely a matter of turning the steering wheel—enormous torque pulls them eternally to the outside and after they begin their swing it is often necessary to fight them with throttle and an opposite rudder to keep them on course.

The key to Referee Crook's worry was *Slo-Mo V* and her passionately competitive driver, Lou Fageol. In earlier Gold Cups, Fageol had made a practice of retreating north under the narrow approach arch of Seattle's famed Floating Bridge before beats, lurking there hidden by the concrete



DETROIT STRATEGY CONFERENCE

Driver Lee Schoenitz of *Gale V*, shown here before the race with Teammate Wild Bill Cantrell of *Gale IV*, was troubled by his boat's performance in trial runs. He also complained wryly that while he and Cantrell drove the elder Schoenitz's Detroit boats in every major race, all the final attention seemed to go to Stan Sayres and his *Slo-Mos*. But this time Detroit was determined to take back the Gold Cup after its five-year sojourn in Seattle. With *Sack Crust* running a blocking race against the West Coast boats, *Gale V*'s current speed was just enough to win the cup.

bastions of the bridge itself and then hurtling into view at 150 mph, zooming past boats milling toward the starting line and taking the lead with rocketlike authority. Twice this "flying start" had almost caused disaster, but the Detroit owners talked openly of setting up a defensive block to stop it. In midweek Referee Crook banned it. Stan Sayres, a man in whom shyness and arrogance are curiously combined, hit the ceiling.

He invited Crook to dinner at his handsome lawn-bordered Hunts Point home—a house which sits just above a lake-shore boathouse and machine shop in which the *Slo-Mos* are kenned. For hours, with Driver Fageol and Seattle Yacht Club officers, he insisted that the ruling be rescinded. Crook refused. Next day Crook was told by a high-placed Seattle citizen that if he continued to refuse, Sayres would pull out his boat (an allegation Sayres later denied with vehemence). The morning after that, rebelling at the pressure, Crook resigned. He was replaced with Stanley Donogh, an executive of Sears Roebuck in Seattle. Donogh announced he would rescind the rule. Six Detroit owners and then New York's Guy Lombardo threatened to walk out on the race themselves.

Driver Fageol's near-tragic mishap with *Slo-Mo V*—in which he miraculously escaped death but went to the hospital with broken ribs and spinal injuries after averaging 124 mph for

two and a half laps—indirectly ended the argument. The flying start was banned and Sayres announced that he was through with racing after 1955. But tension mounted hour by hour as the gleaming, high-finned, roaring boats hurtled through tests on the lake and as mechanics toiled round the clock to repair the awful mechanical attrition caused by strains on bearings, shafts, propellers and power plants.

At five minutes to one on race day it reached a peak. A dreamy silence lay over the miles of humanity packed along the shore of the smooth blue lake, over the thousand yachts and cruisers moored side by side for miles around the course, over green hills and headlands which stood up against the blue summer sky beyond them. The silence was broken by a growing thunder. One by one, 10 hydroplanes were floated, one by one their exhaust starks coughed, belched smoke, rumbled, and one by one they began a slow jockeying for a position from which they could accelerate to the start.

Time passed slowly, achingly. Then suddenly the mass muttering became a brazen, bull-like bellowing, and 10 sinister shapes came hurtling south down the lake, dwarfed by the enormous lashing white curtains of water flying behind their sterns. A flash of yellow, of red, of mahogany, of blue, of orange—then what looked like high moving mountains marched off into the distance in uneven formation. The race

was on. Then applause began rolling down the shoreline—*Slo-Mo IV*, the red boat, the boat which could keep all this grandeur for yet another year, was speeding in the lead.

The flying curtains of white water became fewer almost immediately. As Danny Foster hit the north turn in Lombardi's *Tempo VII* the cover of his gasoline tank broke. A gout of gasoline sloshed out, touched the exhaust stacks, became a bright hallow of searing flame. He ducked and chopped his throttle, the fire went out and he sat up again, out of the race and with a badly burned right arm. Henry Kaiser's *Scout II* hit some drifting debris, filled and sank almost immediately. But *Slo-Mo* hurried on, eight times around the three-and-three-quarter-mile course and then took the checkered flag.

Next time out, *Slo-Mo* attempted to hug *Gale V*, hottest competition in the first heat, at the start and fell irrevocably behind. But orange *Miss Thriftway*, driven by chunky young Bill Muncey, burst into the lead and kept it to the end with an average of 100.944 mph. All around the lake the crowds breathed more easily: two Seattle boats were now tied with 625 points, and Detroit's threat to steal away the haub of olive pride seemed remote and pale. But back at the pits, Detroit's trailing owners and drivers were gathered in emergency session around young Lee Schoenith, driver of *Gale V*.

"I haven't got a chance," said Schoenith, "unless I win the third heat. I'm gonna win."

"Yeah," cried his teammate Bill Cantrell, "quit coasting!"

But George Simon, dark-haired owner and driver of Detroit's *Miss United States*—which was out of the race with a broken supercharger shaft—had another idea. Figuring intently with pencil and pad he arrived at the conclusion that *Gale V*'s average speed might be much closer to that of either Seattle boat than anyone believed. He eyed Detroit Bakery Man Jack Schafer, a broad-shouldered, jovial man who looks for all the world like the captain of a tramp freighter. Schafer pushed back his white yachting cap and beckoned to Walt Kade, a 51-year-old Packard Motor Co. engineer who drives his big, twin engined *Sack Crust III*.

HIDING AT 100 MPH

As Kade walked up Simon said: "You gotta block that *IV*, even if you go over the line too soon. You've got nothing to lose, and if it works we'll have the cup back in Detroit." Kade shrugged. But as the field ran for the start of the third and crucial heat *Sack Crust* was hugging the pole out in front of the pack—and Detroit's *Miss Cadillac* was running exactly parallel off to her right. The maneuver failed—Joe Taggart gunned *Slo-Mo* between the two with a terrific burst of acceleration, burst in front and fled for the south turn, opening water on the field. But *Sack Crust*, rolling ponderously in second, was to find other work to do before the race was over.

Miss Thriftway, off to a bad start and last in the field of six, began one of the most amazing stern chases in Gold Cup history. Driver Bill Muncey threw her past *Breathless*, *Miss Cadillac* and *Gale V* and was challenging

Sack Crust for second after little more than a lap and a half. He did not get past—*Sack Crust* bounced wide on every turn. But he stayed close, so close that he hid in the spray of *Sack Crust*'s rooster tail to keep *Sack Crust*'s Driver Kade from knowing his exact position. Finally, on the fifth lap, Kade came up behind slow-running *Breathless* and Muncey tore out of hiding, gunned past both and set out for *Slo-Mo*. "I hid in his tail too," he said afterward. "I figured Taggart wouldn't know I'd passed *Crust* and wouldn't be expecting anything. Then I went out and passed him—I saw him look over at me and really jump. Well, he stood on the throttle to pull her up and his engine caught fire."

That was the end of the boat race—*Slo-Mo* went dead in the water as Taggart worked with a fire extinguisher and Muncey took the checkered flag, waving jubilantly to the applauding tens of thousands on shore.

He cut his engine, drifted slowly to the crowded official barge, and climbed out—to weep, to embrace his pretty wife, to be mobbed by his maintenance crew, to be cheered, photographed, thrown into the lake and even—ah, stern and trying moment—to be kissed by ex-Heavyweight Champion Max Baer. But *Sack Crust*'s delaying tactics had cost him precious seconds. An hour later, after most of the crowd had gone home certain that he had won, the timers announced the official winner.

"You did it, Jack," cried jubilant Detroiters as Bakery Man Schafer received the news. "Thank you," said Jack. "Thank you." He smiled broadly. After a moment he smiled again. (END)

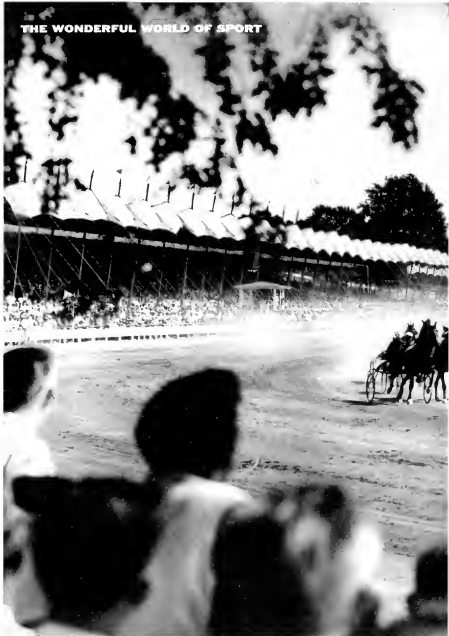


SARDONIC SIGN DECORATED "THRIFTWAY" IN RULES ROW



BUT JUNE WAS OVER WHEN "SLO-MO IV" FLIPPED IN TRIALS, INJURING FAGGOL

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



PHOTOGRAPH BY RY PUSKIN

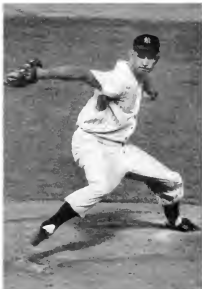
TROTTING'S CLASSIC

In the Hambletonian, classic of the trotting year, the field pounds around the first turn at elm-circled Good Time Park in Goshen, N.Y. Here, in second heat, Leopold Hanover leads, but favored Scott Frost (second) came on to win (see page 58)





RECALLED FROM TORONTO, CONNIE JOHNSON BOLSTERED WHITE SOX



SOUTHPAW TOMMY BYRNE HAS BEEN YANKEES' STEADIEST PITCHER

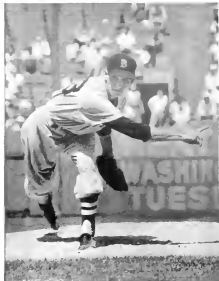
WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

IT'S A PITCHERS' WORLD

JOE ADCOCK WHITHES AFTER BALL FRACTURED HIS RIGHT FOREARM. SIDELINED HIM FOR SEASON

YANKEE ROOKIE STAR ELSTON HOWARD





RED SOX HOPES REST HEAVILY ON YOUNG PITCHERS LIKE TOMMY BREWER



MIKE GARCIA, EARLY SEASON FLOP, REGAINED FORM FOR INDIANS

As the contenders continue to slug it out in the vicious American League pennant race, the importance of a solid pitching staff takes on increasing significance, and in the heat of battle both leagues' sluggers are ducking plenty of high hard ones

HURRIEGLY SITS TO DUCK HIGH INSIDE FAST BALL



CINCINNATI STAR TED KLUSZEWSKI SPRAWLS ON THE GROUND AVOIDING A CLOSE ONE



MAYHEM



Collegiate skippers gather to hear committee member expound on rules



Considerable quantities of foamy beer helped keep sailors' spirits high



Traffic trouble finds five Cub class



Crew scrambles to free boat after it

ON MENDOTA'S WATERS

The sailing was far from expert, but the Wisconsin Hoofers Club regatta on Lake Mendota produced some excitement



16-footers contesting right of way



Helmsman glances anxiously at opposition as crew tries to align jib



plowed headlong into another craft



Skipper and pretty crewman take impromptu post-race dunk in lake

THE REPORT THAT SHOCKED THE PRESIDENT

It came from two physical fitness experts who tested U.S. and European youngsters, and it shows that the U.S. is rapidly becoming the softest nation in the world

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

THERE IS a problem in the United States today, one which goes far deeper and has more serious implications for the future of the nation than many of those which haunt the headlines daily. It is the problem of the physical fitness of U.S. youngsters, and it was highlighted recently in its most dramatic form at a White House luncheon. The luncheon was the idea of John B. Kelly Sr., a wealthy Philadelphia contractor and onetime national sculling champion. A few months back, Kelly had been shown a report which originally appeared in *The New York State Journal of Medicine* on the physical fitness of youngsters, and the findings looked so horrifying that he passed them on to Senator James Duff of Pennsylvania who, in turn, took the matter up with Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Present at the luncheon were Kelly, Duff and 30 sports celebrities, numbering among them such stars as Tony Trabert, Jack Fleck and Willie Mays. But this was one day the stars sat back. Along with the President, they listened in silence to a report by the two researchers whose findings had prompted the luncheon. The two researchers were Hans Kraus, M.D., Associate Professor of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at New York University, and Miss Ruth (Bonnie) Prudden, Director of the Institute for Physical Fitness at White Plains, N.Y. When they finished their report, the President called the problem a serious one. It was, he said, even more alarming than he had imagined. The President's guests could not help but agree.

In essence, what Dr. Kraus and Miss Prudden had told the gathering was this:

- that 57.9% of U.S. youngsters tested for physical fitness failed one or more of six tests for muscular strength

and flexibility while only 8.7% of European youngsters failed.

- that 44.3% of the U.S. youngsters failed the one flexibility test included in the above six tests while only 7.8% of the European youngsters failed.
- that 35.7% of the U.S. youngsters failed one or more of the five strength tests included in the above six tests while only 1.1% of the European youngsters failed. In Austria and Switzerland, the rate of failure was only 0.5%.

In this article SI presents the problem of the physical fitness, or rather *unfitness*, of U.S. youngsters in its full scope as the result of exhaustive interviews with the Kraus-Prudden research team and other authorities on the subject throughout the country.

The six tests on which the above figures are based are known collectively as the Kraus-Weber Tests for Muscular Fitness (*see drawings below*). They are the product of 15 years of research by Dr. Kraus and Dr. Sonja Weber in the Posture Clinic of Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital. Since their development, the Kraus-Weber Tests have been administered to 4,264 youngsters in the U.S. and 2,870 children in Austria, Italy and Switzerland. (More than 40,000 U.S. youngsters have actually taken the tests, and while the results have not been published the rate of failure remains substantially the same.)

The U.S. and European youngsters tested were all between the ages of 6 and 16 and lived in comparable urban and suburban communities. "The Kraus-Weber Tests," Dr. Kraus explains, "are designed to determine only the *minimum* levels of muscular fitness, not the optimum levels.

CAN YOUR CHILD PASS THESE SIX KEY TESTS?



ABDOMINAL & LOIN MUSCLES: HANDS BEHIND THE NECK. ROLL UP INTO SITTING POSITION



ABDOMINAL MUSCLES: KEEP HANDS BEHIND THE NECK. ROLL UP INTO SITTING POSITION



LOWER BACK: KEEP KNEES STRAIGHT. LIFT FEET 10 INCHES FOR 10 SECONDS

PHYSICAL FITNESS

continued from page 21

unprepared—54% of the 6-year-olds fail to pass the Kraus-Weber Tests. After the parents, the schools must be blamed. That the schools have fallen down on the job is evident when one notes that 52% of the high school graduates tested failed the Kraus-Weber Tests. Private schools, which devote much more time to physical education, have only a 14% failure rate upon graduation.

This doesn't mean that something can't be done now. It can, and regardless of the facilities a given school may lack. For example, in the winter of 1954, the Institute for Physical Fitness set up its first pilot study plant at the Whitcomb High and Junior High School in Bethel, Vt. The children came from a rural area, but for the most part they enjoyed many of the modern gadgets and conveniences found in city life. The rate of failure on the Kraus-Weber Tests was 46% for those students in the pilot group. The school had no gym, but Principal Robert Noble asked what could be done. The answer: exercises once a day for 20 minutes. Six



PSYCHIATRIC TROUBLES among West Pointers were found in group with lowest physical aptitude (left) rather than group with highest aptitude (right), 1945-46.

weeks later the rate of failure at Bethel was only 6%.

The mere mention of formal exercise is enough to bring a shudder to the average American spine, weak as it is alleged to be at present, but formal exercise must be resorted to where there is no room or time for freer play. Exercise may not be popular, but it certainly can be made more palatable by teaching it with imagination and belief.

There are more examples. Eleven months ago, the Greenacres School in Scarsdale, a suburb of New York City, had a 32% rate of failure among its students (it was, incidentally, the lowest rate of failure found in any public school in the northeastern U.S.). As part of the pilot study, the physical education teachers at the school added specific exercises to the existing program of tumbling and gymnastics. Within five months the rate of failure had fallen to 24%. In a retest last June 23, it had plunged to only 13%.

Last April, P.S. 28 in the city of Yonkers, N.Y. was tested, and the rate of failure was 47%. In this pilot study, the homeroom teachers had been instructed in giving exercises to their classes. A retest was made on June 28, and the rate of failure had dropped by almost half to 28%.

Despite all this, Dr. Kraus and Miss Prudden have met with opposition. They once asked permission to test in New York City but were dismissed with a curt "What can we do about it if it is bad?" One high school official in New York State was even more explicit in his refusal to allow the Kraus-Weber Tests to be given. "Do you know," he

A HOTBOX SPECIAL:

JIMMY JEMAIL ASKS:

President Eisenhower, at an extraordinary luncheon recently, expressed his concern about the lack of participation in sports by American youth. How would you remedy this?

AVERY BRUNDAGE



President
International
Olympic Committee

"Physical education is as important as mental education. Provide physical education leadership emphasizing participation, not spectator sports. Return to amateur principles. Take educational institutions out of entertainment. Begin by abolishing gate receipts from educational sports events."

patron, not spectator sports. Return to amateur principles. Take educational institutions out of entertainment. Begin by abolishing gate receipts from educational sports events."

MAL WHITFIELD



Track star

"The most important thing is that parents have a true understanding of their children. It is all too easy for parents to upset children emotionally so they won't participate in sports. Other things that would help are: better organization of playgrounds and intramural leagues sponsored by factories and businesses."

BISHOP BERNARD J. SHEIL



Founder
Catholic Youth
Organization

"How can you have mass participation when you have few places to play? It's easy to talk and make suggestions,

but nothing is done. Athletics today are for the fortunate few. Until we recognize the validity of the playground, the boys and girls who really need athletics are out of luck."

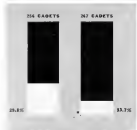
was asked, "that roughly 25% of the youngsters in this country can't do one sit-up with the knees bent because they lack sufficient abdominal muscles, the muscles used in childbirth?" The official snorted, "All I can say is that it's a good thing our boys don't have babies."

Overseas, the reaction has been far different. The ordinarily wary Swiss offered no objections. "By all means test us," said a Zurich health officer. "The problem America has today because of its standard of living Switzerland will have 10 or 15 years from now."

But much more is needed than isolated cases of cooperation. The problem of physical fitness among youngsters is a national one, and it deserves a national program. First of all the public must realize the seriousness and scope of the problem itself.

Americans must be told that 1) a minimum of physical fitness is necessary for a healthy life; 2) at present 57.9% of U.S. children do not have that minimum; and 3) something must be done about the situation, which is getting worse yearly.

As for specific points in a national program, the following could be accomplished:



OTHER TROUBLES, or discharges for all reasons, at West Point were higher in group with lowest physical aptitude (left) than in highest aptitude group (right), 1931-33.

Enactment of federal or state laws to make physical education compulsory. New York requires state-wide examinations in academic subjects in high schools. There is no reason why physical fitness tests could not be required by law. This may prove difficult inasmuch as it would mean reversing a trend—Oregon, for example, has just repealed its physical education laws entirely.

The armed forces too can help. In Switzerland each boy is given a physical fitness card upon entering school. When he is called for military service he must present this card. If he has not passed certain tests, he is not eligible for certain privileges, e.g., he is not allowed to select his branch of service.

Youngsters should devote one school hour each day to "calorie-burning" sports, such as running, jumping, swimming, tumbling and wrestling. Sports which stress skills rather than body building per se, such as baseball, should only be permitted after the child's body has started to develop. Intramural programs should be gone over closely, no matter how proud the physical education department or the PTA. These programs are often not as effective as they seem. Studies by Dr. Josephine L. Rathbone of Columbia University indicate that only 20 minutes of each hour assigned to physical education actually are utilized.

But perhaps most important of all, attendance should be made obligatory for every youngster. Athletically the U.S. rates as one of the most undemocratic countries in the world—a high

continued on page 72

GEN. DAVID SARNOFF



Chairman of the Board
Radio Corporation of America

"First, interest the parents. I feel that juvenile delinquency is adult delinquency. Parents should know that nothing is as interesting to children as sports. Schools should have more sports. Cities should provide more playgrounds and parents should insist that children go to these areas."

interesting to children as sports. Schools should have more sports. Cities should provide more playgrounds and parents should insist that children go to these areas."

GODDWIN KNIGHT



Governor of California

"We have asked the mayors of our major cities and towns to call old-fashioned town meetings where sports figures and

others are urged to get kids interested in sports. If there are no baseball diamonds, no playgrounds, no leagues, we want to know why. We have not licked juvenile delinquency, but it's under control."

COL. EARL H. BLAIR



Director of Athletics
West Point

"Let's face it—the American youngster is the victim of our mechanized age as well as the philosophy expressed by a

former college chancellor—"when I feel the urge to exercise, I lie down on a couch until the urge passes." Athletics should be compulsory. Tax-exempt foundations should help promote competitive sports."

PHILIP K. WRIGLEY



President
Chicago Cubs

"I think that spectator sports have gone too far. The public would rather pay to watch than indulge in sports. This has had its effect on youngsters. They're aping their parents. Little Leagues are offsetting this commercial tendency somewhat. The same idea should be applied more widely to other sports."

HARRY TRUMAN



Former U.S. President

"Not being an athlete myself and with no athletic background, I can't offer a concrete solution. But one way to eliminate juvenile delinquency is to have mothers and poppa look after their children. Raising kids properly is the most important thing in the world. Home discipline comes first; sports afterwards."

ED SULLIVAN



Newspaper columnist
and television celebrity

"It would be almost impossible to increase America's present mass participation in sports. Little Leagues blanket the nation; Golden Gloves have made boxing a mass participation medium; caddy associations have given golf phenomenal impetus. Only viewers-with-alarm find anything unhappy on the American sports front."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



SNAPS BEAT NASRULLA IN DERBY AND THEREBY SET STAGE FOR MATCH RACE OF DECADE



BOSTON'S TED WILLIAMS



NEW YORKER OF RODGERS



WILLIAM FAULKNER, A SPORTSWRITER



FIRST BASEBALL MUSICAL BECAME SMASH HIT



BOOKS ABOUT SPENTS WERE IN THE BEST-SELLER LIST



LOUISE BROUGH (RIGHT) SURPRISED BEVERLY FLEETZ



WELSH LEE TEAM CALLED DESIRE



JACK FLECK'S PUTTER HOBLED BEN HOGAN OF TROPHY



THABERT, A CHAMPION



GN. BARNSTETT: NILEN



GOLFERS EISENHOWER, HOGAN, PATTON AND MIDDLECRAFT, A FOUNDSOME OF THE YEAR

THE GOLDEN YEAR

When Sports Illustrated began publication one year ago this week, it surveyed the world of sport it was entering and declared it to be in a new golden age. "Granted," wrote Gerald Holland at that time, "it cannot yet match—man for man, woman for woman—all the super-stars of the 1920s and before. Still, for world-wide interest and participation, for huge crowds and vast audiences, for smashed records and astonishing performances by outsiders and underdogs, this new golden age in scores of ways outstrips and outdazzles them all." Now, at the completion of the first year of publication, Holland takes a look back and a look around to see whether the thesis has stood the test of 12 months' time

by GERALD HOLLAND

TAKING IT from August to August, it was a year of new highs in participation, of new excitements in competition. It had its thrilling upsets: Swaps in the Derby, Fleck in golf, Navy in football. It saw the Davis Cup come home from Australia and it witnessed the rise and fall of Leo Durocher. There was the first yacht race across the North Atlantic in 20 years and a Greenwich, Conn. entry won it. Now that the first man had broken through the psychological barrier, the four-minute mile became almost a commonplace. Another barrier, the so-called water barrier, was conquered too, as Don Campbell, son of the late Sir Malcolm, bettered his father's record and later drove his jet-powered speedboat to an utterly fantastic speed of 215.08 miles per hour.

The influence of sports was everywhere. In the clothes people wore, the automobiles they drove, the books they read, the shows they saw. *Duane Yandere*, the first Broadway musical ever to be written about baseball, was a smash hit. In another musical, *Phoebe's '55*, Nancy Walker stopped the show with a spoof of the boom in boating. Sports books were hitting the best-seller lists; among them were Grantland Rice's *The Tunnels and the Shouting*, Wilbur Shaw's *Gentlemen, Start Your Engines*, and Tenzing's *Tiger of the Snows* which was also published in installments in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Another sports book, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, by the ex-middleweight champion, Rocky Graziano, was bought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for an astronomical number of dollars. Advertising used sports as an attention-getter to sell everything from fuel oil to vodka.

Some of the world's best writers turned up as sports-writers in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. William Faulkner, Nobel and Pulitzer Prize winner, covered hockey and the Kentucky Derby. John P. Marquand and John Steinbeck, also Pulitzer Prize winners, wrote of country clubs and fishing respectively. Budd Schulberg, who won the Academy Award for his screenplay, *On the Waterfront*, covered the fights.

All around the sports world there was an unmistakable, surging optimism, a youthful exuberance that caught up people of all ages. A man went to his 35th annual college reunion, prepared for a reasonably quiet time, and found himself racing around in an egg-white sports car driven by a classmate of his own vintage. A 67-year-old great-

grandmother was spending the summer hiking, alone, the length of the Appalachian Trail from Georgia to the state of Maine. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons was having his greatest years as a trainer of thoroughbreds at the age of 80. Casey Stengel, 64, was in the thick of a fight for the pennant that could be his sixth. Archie Moore, at the incredible boxer's age of 38, was preparing to fight Rocky Marciano for the heavy-weight championship.

This magazine itself was a symbol of the times. As the first national sports weekly, it set up a journalistic vantage point for viewing the whole, wide world of sport. Naturally, addressing itself primarily to American readers, its main emphasis was on American sports. But editors and readers alike soon discovered that sports is a universal interest, that other countries were as keenly interested in their sports as Americans were in their own. Every week there were exciting things to be reported all around the world and, now that there was this new vantage point for viewing them, the events and scenes of other lands became more and more part of the American consciousness.

The need for the new vantage point provided by the sports weekly was dramatized in the very first issue when, in a sector of the sporting scene that is not always spectacular, one of the great sporting dramas of history took place. It was the duel of the four-minute men, Roger Bannister and John Landy. Both of them had run the mile under four minutes against the watch. Now both did it again before the tens of thousands present at the British Empire Games in Vancouver and one of the largest television audiences, U.S. and Canadian, ever to witness a sporting event.

Within the year other men ran the mile in under four minutes: Lanza Tabori, Chris Chataway and Brian Hewson. But it was like flying the Atlantic after Lindbergh.

When Roger Bannister wrote his book, first published in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, the sports world came to know him better. It was clear from the penetrating, mature, urbane memoirs of this remarkable young man that the world had a new type of athlete. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED named Dr. Roger Bannister its first Sportsman of the Year.

The interest in track generated by Bannister and Landy in the Vancouver Mile continued into the indoor track season which was one of the most exciting in years, with

continued on next page

SOME OF THE NOTEWORTHY EVENTS

Roger Bannister beats John Landy in thrilling 3:59.8 mile at Vancouver.
Stan Sayres takes fifth straight Gold Cup with *Sho-No-Shun V*.
Native Dancer wins by nine lengths at Saratoga, then is retired because of lameness.
Arnold Palmer captures U.S. Amateur golf championship.

Vic Seixas and Doris Hart win U.S. tennis crowns at Forest Hills.
Rory Mardiano knocks out Ezzard Charles to retain heavyweight title.
New York Giants sweep four straight over shocked Cleveland in World Series.
Navy's "team called desire" upsets Army 27-20, accepts bid to Sugar Bowl.

Otto Graham leads Cleveland Browns to pro football championship.
Tony Trabert and Vic Seixas beat Australia 3-2, return Davis Cup to U.S.
Swaps wins Santa Anita Derby and starts Californians talking about another Derby.
San Francisco defeats La Salle 77-63 in NCAA final to hold No. 1 ranking.

Milers Wes Santee, Fred Dwyer and Gunnar Nielsen taking the headlines and Arnie Sowell, the University of Pittsburgh half-miler, being hailed by sellout crowds as a bright, new U.S. hope for the coming Olympics.

If track and field events furnished eloquent evidence as to the kind of year it was, the testimony was clear almost anywhere one looked around the sporting scene. In horse racing, for example, three thoroughbreds told the whole story. One of them—the big, beautiful gray, Native Dancer—did it by retiring. The two others were Nashua and Swaps. From opposite ends of the country, they captivated racing fans as few horses have ever done and stirred up the greatest sectional rivalry since the War Between the States. They were owned by men who had as little in common as their home states of New York and California. To William Woodward, owner of Nashua, racing was a rich man's hobby; to Rex Ellsworth, ex-cowboy owner of Swaps, it was a bread and butter business.

Nashua came into special prominence by winning the Belmont Futurity. Whitney Tower reported that race in the new sports weekly under the prophetic headline, "A Horse to Watch." Nashua continued to win: the Flamingo Stakes, the Florida Derby, the Wood Memorial.

Meanwhile, James Murray was writing just as enthusiastically that there was a glint in California's eye over Swaps, thus forecasting the sectional rivalry. Then, when Swaps won the Santa Anita Derby, the stage was set for the big Saturday at Churchill Downs in Louisville that saw the favored Nashua, with the great Eddie Arcaro up, beaten as little Willie Shoemaker, the darling of the West, gave Swaps a flawless ride.

The roar of the Kentucky Derby crowd had scarcely died away before clamor arose for a match race between Swaps and Nashua. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was right in the middle of it and having fun. Although it seemed obvious from the beginning that Washington Park in Chicago was the logical place and August the logical month for the race, every sportswriter and track impresario and \$2 bettor had his own idea of where such a racing natural should take place. Nevertheless, in this case logic won out and the greatest match race of the decade was set for Washington Park August 31.

BASEBALL'S year, as covered by the new sports weekly, began with Leo Durocher guiding the Giants to the pennant and then masterminding them through four straight victories over Cleveland, a rout of the pitching-rich Indians for which no one was prepared. In the victory of Cleveland in the American League race, the reign of Casey Stengel as monarch of all he surveyed ended, or was at least interrupted. But as the year rounded out, Casey was in as hot a pennant scramble as he ever knew with the Chicago White Sox, the Indians, the Detroit Tigers and the Ted Williams-sparked Boston Red Sox breathing down

his neck. Meanwhile, over in the National, Brooklyn, winning a record 10 straight at the start of the season, had made it a runaway, thanks principally to Don Newcombe, Roy Campanella, Duke Snider and the low-octane, school-maesterish managing of Walt Alston. And Willie Mays, who was hailed as one of the wonders of baseball in 1954? Incredibly benched for a hitting slump for a brief moment, Willie came back to hit (and sensationally catch) again and help the Nationals and Stan Musial beat the Americans in the All-Star Game at Milwaukee.

This same Milwaukee again broke its own record for attendance at home games and confirmed baseball's wisdom in extending its western frontier to Kansas City where the fans took in the hapless Athletics of Philadelphia and stuck by them through thick and thin. It was pretty thick there for a while when the A's rode high in sixth place, but in the dog days of July it got pretty thin as they hit a disastrous losing streak. Then, rewarding the unwavering loyalty of their fans, the A's rose up to knock the Yanks out of first place.

Although the turnstiles clicked a merry tune in Kansas City and Milwaukee, the same sweet music was not heard everywhere in the majors. Baseball's commissioner, Ford Frick, showed his concern by engaging a firm of research specialists to poll the fans for constructive ideas. Although most observers felt that the trouble could be traced to baseball's inability to adjust to television, at least this much was certain: the show that the fans saw for free on television was a good show that constantly changed its star billing. Last fall there was no bigger name in the cast than that of Dusty Rhodes, the pinch-hitting home-run maker of the Giants. Now Rhodes' dust had settled and there were new names like Kaline, Zimmer and Klus.

The show was as good in football too, and the star of it was Navy. Described by its coach, Eddie Erdelatz, as "a team called desire," Navy astounded everyone by upsetting Army and then going on to the Sugar Bowl for another astonishing victory over Mississippi at New Orleans where there is a streetcar named Desire.

It was the year in which Otto Graham said goodbye to professional football after going out like the great star he was by leading his Cleveland Browns to victory over the Detroit Lions. It was the year that saw the passing from the scene of Notre Dame's Frank Leahy and the succession of the boy coach, Terry Brennan. Meanwhile, the debate continued over college football's overemphasis. In *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, defended the college game and Robert Hutchins, former president of the University of Chicago, suggested it be abolished entirely and surrendered to the men who were frankly professionals. But although the professional game attracted more and more fans, there was no prospect that the college game had anything but a long and prosperous future ahead of it.

U.S. captures unofficial team title in Pan-American Games.

Cary Middlecoff wins Masters tournament at Augusta.

Detroit Red Wings beat Montreal Canadiens for Stanley Cup.

Swaps outruns Nashua by length and a half to win Kentucky Derby.

Bob Sweelick wins Indianapolis "500" marred by unfortunate death of two-time winner Bill Vukovich.

Nashua wins Preakness; Swaps takes Will Rogers Stakes; SI reveals plan for match race between two horses.

Hungary's Sander Ihavos runs two miles in 8:33.4 for world record.

Curmen Basilio ends Tony De Marco's brief reign as welterweight champion.

Jack Fleck beats Ben Hogan in playoff for U.S. Open title.

Cornell's crew whips Penn, Navy and Washington, finishes first in IRA regatta.

Archie Moore beats Bobo Olson, gets long-awaited match with Marciano.

Tony Trabert and Louise Brough win Wimbledon championships.

Stan Musial's 12th-inning home run gives National League 5-3 victory over Americans in All-Star game at Milwaukee.

Swaps-Nashua match race is announced for August 31 at Washington Park.

Don Campbell drives his Bluebird at 262.32 mph for world speedboat record.

The future also promised great things in tennis, for the year could hardly have been better. Not only did Captain Billy Talbert and the U.S. team be directed so skillfully bring home the Davis Cup but, in Talbert's opinion, Tony Trabert emerged as a truly great champion. The same Billy Talbert, wearing his hat as *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* tennis expert, wrote:

"The way Trabert went about winning the 69th Wimbledon championships, the way he conducted himself in his matches, the kind of record the big-legged youngster is putting together—all of that takes you back a few years to 1946 and 1947 and another man tennis players refer to reverently and simply as 'Kramer.'"

In any tennis fan's book, for Kramer, you read "the tops."

Also at Wimbledon were two American women to console the tennis world for the loss, through her retirement, of the incomparable Maureen (Little Mo) Connolly. The Wimbledon finalists were Beverly Baker Fleitz and Louise Brough. Mrs. Fleitz was the favorite, for she had defeated Louise four times in matches around the world. But, as it keeps happening around the world of sport, as it happened to that Navy football team of desire, Louise Brough played her heart out and won in a great Wimbledon finale that had everyone agreeing with the Duchess of Kent, who said, presenting the trophy, "Wonderful tennis. Finest I've seen in years." That might have applied to the entire tennis year as well.

AND certainly the sentiment could have been applied to golf. Its year saw the passing, certainly not without glory, of the old guard as represented by Ben Hogan and Sam Snead; the rise of the young guard in the victories of Arnold Palmer in the National Amateur, Mike Souchak along the winter circuit, Jack Fleck in the National Open, and a triumph of the middle guard as the Masters was won by Cary Middlecoff. Young Peter Thomson won the British Open for the second straight time, but for sheer charm of manner no one would forget a golfer who won nothing but the affection of his galleries: Billy Joe Patton.

The outstanding event of the golf year was, of course, the National Open. Hogan, once more near his top form, apparently had won the title for the fifth time when out of nowhere came the young guardman named Fleck, a handsome, 32-year-old public links pro who used Hogan clubs and imitated Hogan's style and carried the hottest putter in the tournament. With Ben deprecating premature congratulations in the locker room, Fleck came up to the 18th green with a seven-footer to tie—and sank it. Next day in the playoff, as Hogan met disaster on the 18th fairway, Fleck steeled through to win in as exciting a tournament finale since the gangling kid named Francis Ouimet beat the Britishers, Vardon and Ray, for the same National Open championship back in 1913.

Somehow these events in the competitive area of golf gave heart and comfort to the average player, for the game continued to grow as a participant sport. There were not enough golf courses (although there were more than 5,000 in the 48 states) to go around. This presented a problem, particularly in the large metropolitan centers, but golfers were determined to find space for their game even if it meant tearing down a bowling alley here and there. Herbert Warren Wind, the game's leading historian and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* golf editor, surveyed the scene from all angles and predicted that in time golf would become our national pastime.

Since the whole world of sport was now being covered from week to week, there was plenty of elbow room for such parochial enthusiasms. The wide range of sporting interests was reflected in the major stories the new national sports weekly printed. These threw the spotlight now on the bowlers, now on the skiers and again on the hunters, the fishermen, the sailing enthusiasts, the growing thousands of sports car partisans.

To get these stories and the pictures, correspondents and photographers ranged over the world. They were at Wembley for the English soccer Cup Final, at Wimbledon for tennis, in Mexico for the bullfights, the Pan-American Road Race and the Pan-American Games. They went on a bear hunt with Generalissimo Franco in Spain and stalked a tiger with the Maharaja of Mysore. They were in Moscow to report the victory of Samuel Reshevsky over Russia's world chess champion, in Le Mans for the famous (and this year, tragic) race of the world's fastest cars. The range was all the way from marbles to mountain climbing and yet, taking on pace and continuity in the week-to-week telling, it was all one story of one wonderful world.

More and more people discovered that they were becoming interested in what happened all around the world of sport. The baseball fan, to whom chess was a mystery, found himself fascinated by the skill and personality of a Samuel Reshevsky. The fisherman who had never seen a horse race was won over by Swaps and/or Nashua. The bowler who knew nothing of soccer sensed the heart-pounding excitement of the English Cup Final.

But it was not merely its excitements that boomed the world of sport. It was also the tremendous U.S. prosperity which gave people time and money for it. It was as if they felt it to be a better investment than the arms race which shackled the larger world.

It seemed eminently fitting that, in President Eisenhower, the U.S. had a genuine sportsman in the White House. And it seemed, too, that when he seized the initiative so brilliantly at Geneva, he spoke with the directness of the playing field and reflected the optimism of a world in which high hopes are part of every game.

There could have been no better promise of still another golden year to come—in sports' new golden age. **(END)**



MARK KAUFFMAN



RICHARD MEEK



HY FEKISH



JERRY COOKE



THE LATE YLLA



TONI FRISSELL

NEW PATTERNS OF SPORT

by SIDNEY L. JAMES

IT SOMETIMES SEEMS that sports is a performance especially designed for photography. Certainly the spectator rarely sees sports as vividly as the camera, and never in the same richness of detail. The skillful photographer is able to freeze the split second of furious action into patterns that escape the eye completely while the action is taking place.

The fan has long been aware of this. Over and over again he has marveled at pictures that show the superhuman contortions of the player in midair at the start of a double play at second base; the odd bend of the pitcher's arm at delivery; the golfer's blast out of a sand trap; the plunging halfback half in, half out of the line.

But to many observers—and photographers—these familiar patterns, repeated over the years, became clichés. And it was the photographer who could do something about it. He left his snug little nest beneath the grandstand roof where his long-range Big Bertha camera had been trained perpetually on the obvious. He began to roam, letting his artist's eye guide him. He left the ball park and stadium entirely as the mood struck him and began to move throughout the world of sport.

Now he went beyond the scenes he had ridden into clichés. He looked for more than action. He looked for meaning in his compositions and sometimes he looked just for beauty, which in itself is meaningful in the sportsman's world. Instead of merely shooting the golfer blasting out of the sand trap, he widened his scope and took pictures like the one on the opposite page, which shows the great Ben Hogan's follow-through after driving from the eighth tee in the Masters Tournament. But it shows more than that. It shows the nature of the hole, the kind of day it was and the stature of the man himself through the size and tenseness of the watching crowd.

And so it is with the 30 other examples of color photography from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s first year which are reproduced (mostly in miniature) on the next eight pages. Each in its own way captures a meaning—a meaning and a mood—of excitement, violence, serenity, majesty, eloquently characteristic of the sport itself.

These are the new-found patterns of the photographer's art. And how, but in pictures like these, could one know and truly feel the stylish arrogance of the ballfighter, the aloneness of a man in the surf, or the ultimate grace of a figure skater?

Since all of the examples of the new sports photogra-

pher's work shown here are in color, it is of historical importance to point out that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is actually a pioneer in color sports photography. From its first issue it has printed a sizable budget of color pages as well as the weekly *SPECTACLE*, which is a journalistic innovation.

Journalistic innovations are rarely accidents, so it would be of value at least journalistically, if not historically, to include in this essay on patterns in sport the thinking about *SPECTACLE* that was put down on paper before its advent.

The Spectacle

*Sport, in all its endless variety, is always something to be seen. It is made to be seen. It lingers in the lifelong treasury of memory. And so, of course, in this great age of photography, the magazine of sports must be *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. And not only must it have many, many moments of vision throughout its pages; there must be one place in the magazine where sport is related by a band of the very greatest color photography. This spot in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* we call *SPECTACLE*.*

Spectacle and spectacular are words inherent in sport. The spectacular takes many forms. At opposite extremes there are:

- 1) *The vast arena where countless thousands come together to share the night of the completed pass or the knockout punch or the photo-finish.*
- 2) *The solitary individual, the man alone with his seal as the Gulf Stream, the man alone with his hunting dog in the piny wood.*

For the man alone, oft instant becomes his private vision, his unique communion. Of a sudden, in the piny wood, the quiet symphony of ordered peace flares into drama; the quiet swirl up and about the lonely man and streak like green lightning through the autumn twilight; his heart pounds and his eyes remember ever after that kaleidoscopic universe in the piny wood.

*In 32 weeks *SPECTACLE* will bring outstanding instances both of the broadly congregated scene and of the lonely vision. These extremes only illustrate the breadth of *SPECTACLE*'s assignment. *SPECTACLE* has many tasks to do. It has a technical task: to show, for example, exactly how a pitcher pitches; to freeze a fish in the arc of its leap. These are sights which the human mind may sense but which the human eye itself cannot see.*

*The pleasant serenity of sport, the congregations of sportsmen, the drama, the emotions, the history-making instance, the wonder and the beauty of sport—for all of this *SPECTACLE* has a perpetual hunting license to become itself an outstanding weekly event in the calendar of sport.*

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's photographers, those pictured on this page and others, made good use of this hunting license.

FRAME FOR A MASTER IS PROVIDED BY PINE TREES AND THE GALLERY AS BEN HOGAN DRIVES





PANORAMA IN BLUE catches the climactic moment of a collegiate sporting chase as Yale's crew leads Harvard down a flag-draped lane of horn-tooting spectator yachts.



CATLIKE LEAPS of jiu jitsu players, are frozen in a study of agility and grace.



JUNGLE PORTRAIT of an African tusker, troubled by the ton, was taken by the late, incomparable Ylla.



FURY AND FINESSE are depicted, respectively, by the charging bull and the Mexican matador Carlos Vera before finale of the bull ring drama.



A HAPPY LANDING of two jumpers dramatizes beauty of the steeplechase.



STANCE AND TIMING of Stan Musial of St. Louis Cardinals, one of baseball's greatest hitters, are here demonstrated as he coils, shifts weight, swings and connects.



A REMINGTON PAINTING of the Old West is suggested by the camera's composition of furious rodeo action with the clawing hoofs of wild horses scattering the cowhands.



WOODLAND TAPESTRY is created by wild turkey, hunter and green forest.



GEOMETRIC DESIGN emerges from hockey action and a goalie's great save.



SETTING FOR TRAGEDY is this scene at the start of the 24-hour sports car race at Le Mans, France, where this year 83 persons were killed as car plunged into crowd.



STREAKING BEAUTY of the plunging greyhounds, born and bred to run, is enhanced by a jewellike string of lights overhead and the golden east of the track's packed dirt.



NOISELESS WORLD is the domain of the sailplane, free rider of air currents.



ANGRY TYRANT, DISPENSER OF THE SEARING HEAT AND THE FREEZING COLD, THE SEA IS MANY THINGS TO MAN, BUT IN THIS



MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE THE SEA IS A SOLICITOUS MOTHER TENDERLY HOLDING A LONE SURFER AGAINST HER BREAST



EXPLOSIVE VIOLENCE of this photograph of first Marciano-Charles match made Jack Dempsey exclaim, "The only way to get closer to a fight than this is to be in it!"



HIGH ASPIRATION is denied as Pole Vaulter Bob Owen knocks down crossbar.



ELEGANCE OF TENNIS is symbolized by ivied Wimbledon's sacred lawns.



PEACOCKS OF SPORT are the jockeys, who wear their dazzling crazy quilts of color primarily to identify their stables but, in the process, create a striking race track picture.



CAMERA ILLUSION makes bicycle riders in race at the British Empire Games appear to be standing still while spectators seated in the grandstand seem to be flying by.



PICTURE OF PERFECTION is captured in superb dive of Pat McCormick.



DREAM OF FLYING is man's fondest, and to this skier, etched against the brilliant blue of a winter sky in Oregon, it is, for one click of a camera, a dream come true.



JUMPING GIANTS of professional basketball strike their tableau-like attitudes.



TIME STANDS STILL for fishermen lucky enough to find paradise like this inlet of a wilderness bay in Wisconsin.



FEEL OF SUMMER is perfectly conveyed by billowing sails and the blue water and a sky filled with drifting, cotton-candy clouds.



ACTION OF AUTUMN is found in this close-up of hard-charging football that is duplicated in other jam-packed stadiums, on other Saturdays, throughout the nation.



BEAUTY OF SIMPLICITY is spelled out by a sextet of Swedish girl gymnasts.



SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE of the figure 8 are caught by an early-morning sun as 19-year-old Tenley Albright practices at rink in Catskills.

AN SI SAMPLER

A selection of memorable writing from the new national weekly
which also recalls some highlights of a golden year in sports

THE ART OF THE MILE

The art of running the mile consists, in essence, of reaching the threshold of unconsciousness at the instant of breasting the tape. It is not an easy process, even in a setpiece race against time, for the body rebels against such agonizing usage and must be disciplined by the spirit and the mind. It is infinitely more difficult in the amphitheater of competition, for then the runner must remain alert and running despite the fogs of fatigue and pain; his instinctive calculation of pace must encompass maneuver for position, and he must harbor strength to answer the moves of other men before expending his last reserves in the war of the homestretch.

Few events in sport offer so ultimate a test of human courage and human will and human ability to dare and endure for the simple sake of struggle—classically run, it is a heart-stirring, throat-tightening spectacle. But the world of track has never seen anything quite to equal the Mile of the Century which England's Dr. Roger Gilbert Bannister—the tall, pale-skinned explorer of human exhaustion who first crashed the four-minute barrier—won here last Saturday from Australia's world-record holder, John Michael Landy. It will probably not see the like again for a long, long time.

PAUL O'NEIL, AUGUST 16

MAN AND THE AMOEBA

Both man and the amoeba have a common, overriding problem—control of their environment. The amoeba has kept his problem minor by being easily satisfied. Almost any old wet place will do for him and he takes such food as comes along, never sending anything back to the kitchen. His reproductive method works fine. Everything comes out even. You divide one by two and you get two. The amoeba does not have to prove to himself that he is a good amoeba, good at controlling his environment.

But men do have to prove that they are good. They do not reproduce by splitting themselves in two. Theirs is a more complicated arrangement, involving partnership deals and provision for proper rearing of the young. Very often

the world environment, as the afternoon papers are quick to point out, is not suited to this purpose. The business of living is likely to raise doubts, fears and anxieties in the higher animals, whereas the amoeba is always supremely confident of his ability to handle any situation. He is suited to his way of life and he is immortal.

But move up the evolutionary scale a bit and you find that there is constant need for reassurance. A dog requires a bit of applause when he has done a good job of bringing in the bird. To another animal this might be a poor reward for giving up a duck dinner, but a dog understands glory.

It is an artificial arrangement, this business of a man shooting a bird and a dog retrieving it, and that is what makes it a sport. A sport is a design for living in an artificial environment, hedged with self-imposed disciplines and filled with the fear of failure and the hope of success.

While the chancelleries strive to control the world environment of man, individual man can make a world of his own—in the shape of a baseball diamond, a football field, a tennis court or a golf course. There he observes the special rules of artificial life and death. He lives to glory if he breaks par and then, refreshed with intimations of immortality, returns to his desk and the problems of the real world, purged for a little while of doubt and fear, pleasantly aware that there are areas where he is master of his fate and captain of his soul.

This is all based on the assumption that the greens committee is not a pack of idiots.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, AUGUST 16

MR. MACK

Connie Mack is very old now—91—and as fragile and delicate as a cloisonné vase. He sees and he hears, but sometimes not so quickly as he did years ago when the Philadelphia Athletics were a baseball team and he managed them to nine pennants and five world championships.

He came into the dugout long after the rest of the old-timers and sat down alone on the dugout bench, his hard straw hat in his lap. The old-timers were posing for pictures

continued on next page

along the front of the dugout, their big meaty backs to the old man. He sat all alone, very old and all alone.

Then the old hallplayers began to notice him and one by one they came over to greet him. He would put out his shrunken arm to shake hands, and peer inquiringly into each face. And the old stars, accustomed to being recognized and hailed by name, shook hands and gently introduced themselves.

"Rogers Hornsby, Mr. Mack. It's good to see you again."

"Joe DiMaggio, Mr. Mack. It's good to see you."

"Paul Waner, Mr. Mack."

"Bill Dickey, Mr. Mack."

"Frank Frisch, Mr. Mack. How are you, sir?"

Al Simmons, big and heavy and gray and not well enough to play in the game, shook hands.

"It's Al Simmons, Mr. Mack," he said. "Gee, it's good to see you again, Mr. Mack."

When Mack was introduced on the public address system, Al Simmons took his arm and helped him as he walked out into the bright sunlight. Halfway to home plate Mack stopped, turned to the crowd and waved his hard straw hat, holding it high.

He sat in the dugout during the game, talking to old Cy Young and to Casey Stengel. When white-haired Lefty Grove came into the dugout after the first inning he crooked his left arm at Mack and said, "Give me a rub-down, Connie." And the two old men, Mack and Young, delightedly kneaded Grove's arm for a moment or two.

Before the old-timers' game was over Mack's chauffeur came for him. Al Simmons helped the old man to his feet and said goodbye. "It certainly was good to see you again, Mr. Mack," he said.

Mack nodded and said goodbye. The chauffeur began to lead him along the dugout floor toward the steps, but Mack paused to shake hands with two or three players sitting on the bench. Joe DiMaggio saw Mack approaching and sat up straight. He took off his cap before he shook hands with the old man.

"Goodbye, Mr. Mack," he said.

He did not put his cap back on until the old man had gone.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, AUGUST 23

SO YOU'RE A FOOTBALL PLAYER

You have to be ready for a hard time first. This is about the second week of practice. . . . You're up at the crack of dawn, your muscles stiff and sore. You get an hour's skull practice first, with your group coach. If you're a lineman, you meet with the "men," known as the "lunkheads," or "those big, dumb oxen." You, in turn, refer to the backfield as "the boys," or the "artists."

Morning practice comes next, when your breakfast has digested. Your pants and pads are clammy and cold as you climb into them. Stiff-legged, you trot to the practice field. The first order of business is calisthenics. For psychological reasons they call them "conditioning exercises," but by any name you hate them. Then comes an hour and a half of hitting the sled, blocking dummies, three-on-one drills, tackling, work on assignments. Pound, pound, pound. At the other end of the field the "artists" just seem to be having fun, throwing the ball around. . . .

After a heavy noonday meal there's a lecture by the head coach for the entire squad. You're so sleepy you can't hold your head up—until a hotfox, applied no doubt by

an "artist," wakes you up with a yell. The head coach seems to notice you for the first time.

Back to the dressing room after that, for afternoon practice. Two more hours of fundamentals. Drill, drill, drill. When you're finally dismissed the coach warns that everybody should be in bed by 10:30. That's the most useless speech of the season. By 8 o'clock you're all in the sack, except maybe those dancing girls in the backfield.

Then, suddenly, school starts. Only one practice a day! Next week you open with State. Gone are the aches and pains. Here come the headlines!

HERMAN HICKMAN, SEPTEMBER 13

ETERNAL MYSTERY

The delicate mechanism that controls human emotions, one of the eternal mysteries, was revealed for a moment last week but, as usual, the mystery remained. After Ham Richardson's grueling upset victory over Lew Hoad in the quarter-finals of the National Tennis Championship, his mother, Mrs. Roger Richardson, who had watched every minute of the match from the marquee, was dissolved in tears. "I was all prepared," she sniffled, "to smile in defeat."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, SEPTEMBER 13

GENTLE ART OF SWORDPLAY

Steel is a man's weapon. It has always been the great equalizer. Little men have brought big men crashing like storm-stricken oaks by sliding six inches of it gently into their bodies. Speed and guile offset brawn and size; trickery can take the measure of knowledge.

PAUL GALLICO, SEPTEMBER 20

THE WONDERFUL MOMENT

At one o'clock E.S.T. next Wednesday afternoon millions of Americans will fall as one into a state of semihypnosis so profound in many cases as to be broken only by flood, fire, earthquake—or a burned-out electrical fuse. Radios of parked cars will speak loudly to gathering knots of people in dusty western wheat towns and shaded southern villages. Nothing—not even a Presidential election—grips the U.S.



"All right, Sir Edmund Hillary—dinner's ready."

people in quite the same fashion as the World Series. It is a herald of the balmy advent of autumn, an excuse for office pools, a source of black, exciting but delightfully harmless headlines. It raises wondrous ghosts—Tinker, Evers and Chance, Honus Wagner, Christy Mathewson (who can remember how they looked?) and Babe Ruth (ah, who can forget?). And it elevates with high drama those eternal American folk figures, the pitcher and the batter.

What attitudes from the American past are not wrapped up in the man on the mound as he stands, stolid, cunning, contemptuous—and on the brink of awful ridicule—awaiting the catcher's sign. He is rifleman, cardsharp, horse trader, all wrapped up in one. Sometimes he is Dewey at Manila Bay, as well, and sometimes he is the farmer who lost his money to a dip at the county fair. And the man with the bat who faces him? Why none other than Mighty Casey, of course. As it listens to the oft-told tale of their adventures next week the U.S., as always, will be able to like itself a little better.

PAUL O'NEIL, SEPTEMBER 27

SPRIT OF NOTRE DAME

The fundamental difference between intercollegiate and professional athletics is that in college the players are supposed to be students first and foremost. This does not mean that they should all be Phi Beta Kappa or physics majors, but neither should they be subnormal students majoring in ping-pong.

THE REV. THEODORE M. HERRBURGH, SEPTEMBER 27

OF FISH AND FISHERMEN

Here is no sentiment, no contest, no grandeur, no economics. From the sanctity of this occupation, a man may emerge refreshed and in control of his own soul. He is not idle. He is fishing, alone with himself in dignity and peace. It seems a very precious thing to me.

JOHN STEINBECK, OCTOBER 4

SPORT OR DIRTY BUSINESS?

The Gavilan-Saxton turkey trot deserves a thorough airing. In fact, it may be time to ask again, as responsible sportswriters have been asking so long, whether boxing is going to be a legitimate sport or a dirty business? Jim Norris, the personable president of the IBC, as an honorable man and a true fight fan should welcome an investigation of the dark underside of boxing. It can destroy the sport as the Black Sox conspiracy might have ruined baseball if an effective commission had not been set up to protect our pastime from its inside jobbers. To say this is not to attack boxing but to attack the boxing racket.

BUDD SCHULBERG, NOVEMBER 1

ONLY THE BRAVE

He is the enemy. He is a bull—big, perhaps 1,000 pounds of lightning speed and smashing power. The whole top of his neck is a tossing muscle capable of flinging a horse into the air. The muscle flexes and humps tight when he is angry. He comes trotting out of his dark box into the bright



"Don't bother."

March 22

sunlight of the ring, head up, looking nervously about. He charges and the sand sings under his feet.

JOHN STANTON, JANUARY 17

WHAT IKE DID FOR GOLF

Golf has been good for the President, and the converse is no less true: he has been extremely good for golf. Since 1913, or ever since Francis Ouimet's surprising triumph in the Open championship started to take the curse off the game as the affected importation of the upper crust, golf has steadily become a more and more democratic and popular pastime. Today it is as all-strata in its following as fishing, and if anything, the driving range may have even replaced the poolroom. At the same time, until President Eisenhower took office, wearing his scorecard on his sleeve, golfers remained somewhat suspect in the eyes of many of their countrymen who persisted in viewing the breed as die-hard Tories who, if you didn't keep a watchful eye on them, would ask for a finger bowl at a hamburg stand, and in French. "Before Ike came in," a New York enthusiast recently confessed, "every time I carried my golf bag down to Grand Central and boarded a train for a golfing weekend, I could count on running into disapproving faces and at least one slur carefully delivered so that I could hear it—you know, something like, 'Don't strain yourself, Reginald.' Now it's all changed. Strangers look at me as if I were a member of the 4-H Club. And when they speak to me, they give me the warm smile and a cheery word like, 'Looks like a grand weekend to get out of doors.' All of a sudden, I'm on the same level with the Fourth of July and Mom's apple pie, and I like it."

HERBERT WARREN WIND, JANUARY 24

AN INNOCENT AT RINKSIDE

To the innocent, who had never seen hockey before, it seemed discorded and inconsequent, bizarre and paradoxical, like the frantic darting of the weightless bugs which run on the surface of stagnant pools. Then it would break, coalesce through a kind of kaleidoscopic whirl, like a child's toy, into a pattern, a design almost beautiful, as if an inspired choreographer had drilled a willing and patient and hard-working troupe of dancers.

WILLIAM FAULKNER, JANUARY 24

continued on next page

THE WINTER OF THE GOLFER

For most golfers—excepting always the fortunate herd which heads for the South—wintertime is a tough passage. They drive by their home courses and their eyes meet the bleakness of snow, slush or frozen ground, everything drably white and black and gray, not one green blade of grass, not one lousy buttercup. It is enough to drive a man to brooding. The golfer, a talented brooder at any time, begins to dwell, as he never does in the heat of a summer round, on the variegated beauty of the natural settings in which he pursues his game: the soft, green, breeze-swept courses along the edge of the sea; the rolling meadowland courses, with bright seasonal flowers busting out along the borders of the holes; mountain courses, where the best line off the first tee is a yard to the left of that topmost pine; tropical courses; lakeside courses, and that plain course down the road that becomes extraordinarily beautiful when spring or autumn touches it. Several more weeks of long, hard waiting still lie ahead until, as Geoffrey Chaucer, an early outdoor man, put it, the sweet showers of April have pierced the drought of March to the root, and once again the majority of our golf courses are ready to handle the traffic.

HERBERT WARREN WIND, FEBRUARY 28

BRANCH RICKEY'S RIDE

Rickey was the first to reach the sidewalk. He paced up and down, flapping his arms against the cold. In a moment Mrs. Rickey came out and the ride downtown in Rickey's Lincoln began. As the car pulled away from the curb, Rickey, a notorious back-seat driver, began a series of barked directions: "Right here, Guido! Left at the next corner, Guido! Red light, Guido!"

Guido, smiling and unperturbed, drove smoothly along. As the car reached the downtown business district, Rickey, peering this way and that, shouted, "Slow down, Guido!"

Guido slowed down and then Rickey whispered hoarsely: "There it is, Mother! Look!"

"What?" smiled Mrs. Rickey.

"The largest lamp store in the world! Right there! I

inquired about the best place to buy a lamp and I was told that this place is the largest in the whole wide world! Right there!"

"We only want a two-way bed lamp," said Mrs. Rickey.

"I know," said Rickey. "But there's the place to get it. You could go all over the world and not find a bigger lamp store. Right turn here, Guido!"

"One way, Mr. Rickey," said Guido, cheerfully.

That was the signal for a whole comedy of errors, with Rickey directing and traffic cops vetoing a series of attempts to penetrate one-way streets and to execute left turns. Rickey grew more excited, Mrs. Rickey more calm, Guido more desperate as the Duquesne Club loomed and faded as a seemingly unattainable goal.

"Judas Priest!" Rickey finally exclaimed. "It's a perfectly simple problem! We want to go to the Duquesne Club!"

"I know how!" Guido protested, "I know the way!"

"Then turn, man, turn!"

"Get out of here!" yelled a traffic cop.

"For crying out loud!" roared Rickey. "Let's get out and walk."

"I'm not going to walk," said Mrs. Rickey mildly. "We have a car. Let Guido go his way."

"Oh, all right," Rickey pouted. "But you'd think I'd never been downtown before!"

In a moment the car pulled up at the Duquesne Club and Rickey, serene again, jumped out and helped Mrs. Rickey from the car.

"Take the car home, Guido," he said pleasantly. "We'll call you later."

"Yes, Mr. Rickey," said Guido, mopping his brow.

GERALD HOLLAND, MARCH 7

SPRING TRAINING

Leo Durocher loves Jim Hearn, a pitcher whom he formerly regarded with repugnance. The romance has ripened just in time, for the Giants need pitching.

The awesome might of the Dodgers has wrung tribute from their former manager, Charley Dressen, who would almost rather cut his tongue out than put a successor on the spot. "Unless they get all their arms broke," he has said, "they gotta win." So exuberant is the resident manager, Walter Alston, that on sunny days he pronounces both syllables of "hello."

Bustards of Milwaukee's cheerful burghers, bringing the conventional gifts of Liederkrans, cheese cake, Braunschweiger, frankincense and myrrh, trooped into the training grounds in Bradenton, Fla. to touch the hem of Bobby Thomson's sweatsock, just over the bandage. They discerned no clay in or near his repaired ankle.

When Gussie Busch and that beer baron's retinue didn't need the St. Petersburg practice field for their exercise, some of the most promising rookies in baseball worked out there in uniforms of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Relaxing in the shade of Ted Kluszewski's biceps, Birdie Tebbets has conceded that life could be beautiful in Cincinnati, provided the right people were to pitch well enough.

Chicago and Philadelphia also have teams in the league.

In short, it is spring, Ford Frick's in his swivel chair, and practically all is for the best in this nearly best of all possible leagues, almost.

RED SMITH, APRIL 11



March 21

"Pro certo, Frater Benjamin, tibi necesse est habere nona eyeglasses"

THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST

A little below the summit Hillary and I stopped. We looked up. Then we went on. . . . We went on slowly, steadily. And then we were there. Hillary stepped on top first. And I stepped up after him. . . . What we did first was what all climbers do when they reach the top of their mountain. We shook hands. But this was not enough for Everest. I waved my arms in the air and then threw them around Hillary, and we thumped each other on the back. . . . It was 11:30 in the morning, the sun was shining, and the sky was the deepest blue I have ever seen. Only a gentle breeze was blowing, coming from the direction of Tibet, and the plume of snow that always blows from Everest's summit was very small.

TENZING NORGEY AND JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN, MAY 9

4:29 P.M. AT LOUISVILLE

Only a little over two minutes: two simultaneous metallic clash as the gates spring. Though you do not really know what it was you heard: whether it was that metallic crash, or the simultaneous thunder of the hoods in that first leap or the massed voices, the gasp, the exhalation—whatever it was, the clump of horses indistinguishable yet, like a brown wave dotted with the bright silks of the riders like chips flowing toward us along the rail until, approaching, we can begin to distinguish individuals, streaming past us now as individual horses—horses which (including the rider) once stood about eight feet tall and 10 feet long, now look like arrows twice that length and less than half that thickness, shooting past and bunching again as perspective diminishes, then becoming individual horses once more around the turn into the backstretch, streaming on, to bunch for the last time into the homestretch itself, then again individuals, individual horses, the individual horse, the Horse: 2:01 1/2 minutes. . . .

WILLIAM FAULKNER, MAY 16

THE JOY OF RUNNING

I remember a moment when I stood barefoot on firm dry sand by the sea. The air had a special quality as if it had a life of its own. The sound of breakers on the shore shut out all others. I looked up at the great clouds, like white-sailed galleons, chasing proudly inland. I looked down at the regular ripples on the sand, and could not absorb so much beauty. I was taken aback—each of the myriad particles of sand was as perfect in its way. I looked more closely, hoping perhaps that my eyes might detect some flaw. But for once there was nothing to detract from all this beauty.

In this supreme moment I leapt in sheer joy. I was startled and frightened by the tremendous excitement that so few steps could create. I glanced round uneasily to see if anyone was watching. A few more steps—more self-consciously and now firmly gripping the original excitement. The earth seemed almost to move with me.

I was almost running now, and a fresh rhythm entered my body. No longer conscious of my movement, I discovered a new unity with nature. I had found a new source of power and beauty, a source I never dreamt existed. From intense moments like this, love of running can grow. . . .

ROGER BANNISTER, JUNE 20



BLAISE D'ANTONI SPEAKS

"Boxin' is great in New Orleans. At my first fight, they booed. But I climbed into the ring and offered any bum a thousand bucks to come on down. No one did. Let 'em boo. I'm havin' a party next Tuesday. If you don't have invitations, consider this as them. *Everybody* will be there. I guess it'll cost me \$5,000 at least. But what's money? You gotta have a good time. Don't bother to ask where the party will be in the hotel—the hotel will know. I'm gonna have Eddie Condon's band and Wild Bill Hickok's [soul]. The only one had anything like it was the King of Siam."

"I'm gonna wear my \$250 cashmere jacket, my \$100 blue cashmere pants and my new \$85 shoes. Eighty-five dollar shoes. And my \$250 cashmere jacket. And those \$100 pants, they're blue. Bring a photographer. Bring anyone you want. And don't forget to come down to New Orleans, champs. And after I treat you all all right—four motorcycle escorts, not one—you'll stand back and say, 'Jeez, he wasn't exaggeratin'.'"

ROBERT H. BOYLE, JUNE 27

HOGAN GETS THE NEWS

In the locker room, Ben Hogan sank heavily on a bench and took a Scotch and water from somebody's hand. It seemed certain that his 287 had clinched his fifth championship. He sipped his drink, shook his head and said slowly: "Boys, if I win it, I'll never work at this again."

Someone asked if his leg had bothered him. "Only my knee," said Ben. "The more I walked, the more it hurt." . . . An attendant shouted: "Jack Fleck is on 16 and he needs one birdie on the last three to tie!" Hogan sipped his drink, then smiled thinly: "Good for him." . . .

Then it came: a tremendous roar of the gallery at the 18th. A reporter whispered hoarsely: "The kid's sunk it!"

Ben Hogan's head went down and he cursed softly. "I was wishing he'd either make it a two or a five," he said. "I was wishing it was over—all over." He turned to an attendant. . . . "Well, we might as well git those things back in the locker. Gotta play tomorrow, looks like."

JAMES MURRAY, JUNE 27

BRIGHT PLUMAGE

SPORTING LOOK IN ITS FIRST YEAR WENT

FROM THE SLOPES OF ASPEN TO THE REACHES

OF CALIFORNIA, FROM THE TOP OF THE MATTERHORN TO THE TOE

OF ITALY. IT FOUND THAT THE FASHIONS OF SPORT WERE

AS MUCH A PART OF THE SPORTING SCENE AS THE GAME ITSELF. THE SPORTING LOOK WAS A STRIPER SHIRT, A SLIM SWIMSUIT IN CALIFORNIA



A DUDE GET-UP IN ESTES PARK. A FIRST NIGHT AT THE HORSE SHOW. A STRIPED SHIRT IN PORTLAND. GROUSE SHOOTING TWEEDS IN SCOTLAND



A FLOWERED SOMBRERO IN PALM SPRINGS, A CALIFORNIA SPORTS-CAR COAT, A McARDLE SWIM SUIT, A STRIPED COTTON BLAZER IN FLORIDA

TWEEDS FOR MICHIGAN FOOTBALL, CAROLA MANDEL'S SHOOTING BARGES, A T-STRAP SUIT IN BERMUDA, AN ALPINE GUIDE'S CLIMBING KNICKERS





A MIDGY SUIT IN PALM BEACH, A COLLEGE GIRL'S SHORTS, A ST. THOMAS BEACH JACKET, A RIVIERA SWEATER, IT WAS YALE'S FIRST SPORT JACKET



A SWIRLING TENNIS DRESS AT WIMBLEDON, TOMMY HOLT'S GOLF SWEATER, VIC SEIXAS' JACKET, A CHECKED SWEATER AT A LONG ISLAND REGATTA



AN ITALIAN FISHERMAN'S CAP, SKI CLOTHES IN ASPEN AND MRS. WOODWARD AT THE RACES. BERMUDA SHORTS ON A RACING YACHT IN THE SOUND

COVERALLS FOR SPORTS CARS, AND AN APRON FOR COACHING. SPORT'S BRIGHT FLUORAGE, AS DISPLAYED IN 35 OF SP'S FIRST 52 ISSUES (SAMPLES



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Rexall



GOLF

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

IN THE PGA DOUG FORD, THE
SUMMER'S HOTTEST GOLFER,
PROVED SPEED AND HUNGER
ARE A WINNING COMBINATION

DOUGLAS MICHAEL FORD, the newly crowned PGA champion and winner of Tam O'Shanter's All-American last Sunday, is certainly the fastest golfer in captivity today, and may well be the most rapid man ever to have won a major golf title. Gene Sarazen always played with remarkable Duncannesque swiftness, to be sure; but if my recollection and stop watch are correct, Gene's pace when he was at his peak was hardly a patch on the briskness he cultivated as he grew older and became more and more convinced that the less you mess around with a golf shot, the better your chances for hitting a good one. Ford probably takes a few seconds longer over the ball than Sarazen, but where he is really in a class by himself is in the speed with which he rumbles from shot to shot. Doug, as you know, is a big man. His neck is thick, his shoulders wide, his chest strictly Lionel Strongfort, and altogether his physique is so bulky that he looks like a blocking back in pro football or one of baseball's old-time tobacco-chewing fence-busters like Rudy York. The difference is that Ford can walk faster than Rudy could run. After a shot, he plunges his head and neck forward and lunges ahead, eating up the fairway with vast muscular strides. It is quite a sight and has inspired many highflying descriptions, but none as graphic as "Ford always

looks like he's playing through the foursome he's playing in."

In the PGA championship at the Meadowbrook Country Club outside Detroit, Ford had just the setup he thrives on. As the week wore on, Doug, through the fortuitousness of the draw, was daily one of the early starters. Conveniently, too, the latest starter by the day of the quarter-finals was Cary Middlecoff who, if Ford is the hare of the pro pack, is indeed the tortoise. Cary has always been a very analytical golfer; and possessing a wealth of nervous energy, he expends it luxuriously, figuring out each shot as if it were a new and singular problem, working himself up to a high summit of concentration before he plays it. To some degree, taking his high-rigged temperament into consideration, Middlecoff's measured mileage has undoubtedly helped him to shoot the wonderful game he has this year—but only to some degree. In winning the Masters, for example, he moved around the last 18 much faster than his normal speed, and he played a lovely round. A number of observers who have watched Cary frequently are of the firm opinion that when he takes enough time, but not too much time, over his shots, he rids himself of many nervous mannerisms which otherwise accumulate.

In his quarterfinal match in the PGA against his good friend Jack Burke, whom he defeated on the 40th green as the shades of night were falling fast, Cary had one of his slowest days ever. Especially since this was match play it is just, I think, to say that Cary's overdeliberateness added up to a lack of consideration for his opponent. This, of course, is the last thing Cary intended; but the hard facts are that golf is not a game in which you force an opponent to play at your pace, even unintentionally. You try to play at an agreeable pace, making some allowance for golfers who are a little slower or a little faster than you are, and expecting them to make the same reasonable allowances for you.

In any event, Ford played his way to the final in what was technically

the lower half of the draw (defeating Shelley Mayfield 4 and 3 in a semi-final that was closer than the score indicates); and in the other half Middlecoff came through impressively (defeating 4 and 3, in his semifinal match, Tommy Bolt, who had eliminated Sam Snead and Jack Fleck). This brought the hare and the tortoise together in the final and raised all sorts of speculation: Would Ford try to make Middlecoff gallop at his pace? Would Cary be hoping to get Ford to join him in his Tennessee Waltz? Neither of these possibilities came to pass, as it turned out. From the very first hole, Middlecoff marched along at a good and agreeable pace and Ford, for all his impatience on the two or three occasions when Cary examined a chip or a putt with the baleful caution of an automobile dealer studying the condition of a trade-in, made only a few obvious efforts to introduce a true jazz tempo.

A GREAT FOUR IRON

Neither man played quite as well in the final as he had previously in the long, hard week. The day was a fierce broiler, and by early afternoon the temperature (96°) and the humidity had taken the starch out of Middlecoff's concentration. Ford, who had never led during the morning and had gone to lunch one down, went one up for the first time on the 230-yard 26th (where, the wind with him, he hit a great four-iron nine feet from the cup). He was definitely on his way to his ultimate 4-and-3 victory when he birdied the next short hole, the 29th, hitting the center of a severely trapped green with a really fine four-wood.

Apart from his speed, several other features about Ford make him an exceptional figure in this day and age when most pros are precise swingers and precise dressers. Ford is neither. He usually looks as if he had left his laundry in the last town back and it hasn't caught up with him. His effortful swing has a storable loop at the top but, as Tony Penna, the MacGregor Co.'s chief shepherd-in-the-field explains, "through the ball Doug is as solid as anybody." Ford's long game is erratic by the best standards, but he plays the pitch to the green from 135 yards in probably better than anyone on the tour, and he is a great holder of putts. Above all, he is a very "hungry" competitor. You can only beat Doug Ford when you convince him that that day you are a better golfer than he is. Otherwise, he will beat you.

(END)

TIP FROM THE TOP



from GENE LITTLER, Palm Springs, California

especially for golfers who have always been inconsistent putters

Good putting, no different from the other shots in golf, is the result of the player's having a technically correct stroke and the confidence in that stroke to execute it without "second-guessing" it. Many golfers putt with a nice even stroke on the practice green; but when they get out on the course and are fighting for a score, they become so anxious about missing a holeable putt that they try to get the ball into the cup by some "quicker" means. More often than not they miss a good percentage of these jabbed and pushed putts, because consistently accurate putting, like the longer shots in golf, is a matter of timing. The hands and the club head must work in harmonious coordination.

You must learn to wait for the club head before stroking through the ball. Most erratic putters don't. Many of them—as pictured at the left—rush the stroke in such a way that their hands are well in front of the club head at the contact. Another breed—pictured in the center—hurry the club head in such a way that their hands are lagging well behind the contact. Their stroke is sort of an upward flip.

Try to develop the confidence to play the slow rhythmic stroke you admire in a good putter. Wait for the club head. The hole will not move.



(left) hands too far in front (center) hands too far behind (right) correct

A. Russell

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: NOBLE CHALFAUNT ON DE-EMPHASIZING DISTANCE

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FOOTBALL

by HERMAN HICKMAN

SI'S PIGSKIN EXPERT LAUNCHES HIS 1955 COVERAGE WITH A LOOK AT THE COLLEGE ALL-STARS AS THEY GET READY FOR THE PROS

GASPING through a temperature that was nearly 100° in the shade—and there wasn't any shade—on the Northwestern practice field at Evanston last week was the latest batch of new blood for the pros. It's a big batch, too, as far as size and ability go. The 47 College All-Stars squad is a far cry from the unwieldy masses of 70 or 80 in the past. Today each player realizes he is a member of a football squad and not of an extravaganza.

ERUDITE OBSERVATIONS

Watching the large linemen and swift backs sweat under the scorching sun I realized more than ever that football is a young man's game. And an equally erudite observation came to mind: how utterly futile it is for an all-star squad with three weeks' practice to attempt to defeat the champions of the National Professional Football League. Unless the professionals treat the game as an outright exhibition or underestimate the intangible of unafraid youth afire with a winning desire, their cause is hopeless. There has been nothing, up to this point, in the case history of one Paul Brown, coach of the Cleveland Browns, to indicate a lackadaisical attitude either toward an exhibition or a league game. I happen to know, having coached the All-Stars to a 0-33 defeat in 1951 on his maiden trip to Soldier Field.

There was a time, not too far distant, when professional football was simply semipro. This in the '30s, too, while I was playing. It is my firm belief that a good college squad could have beaten many of the league teams of that time. There were great individual stars in professional football in those days, but the college game was better organized. But that era has gone into history and a new day has dawned for professional football. The gap has widened so far that it can be compared to college baseball and the major leagues.

The emergence of the professional game can be laid to many causes. Perhaps the most important is a sound financial backing which has enabled the clubs to pay proper salaries to players, coaches and scouts. The invocation has become a business, and the

semipro have grown up to become pros.

The late Arch Ward of the Chicago Tribune, who inaugurated the series between the College All-Stars and the professionals in 1934, was a much worried man after last year's game. Arch's promotion had certainly been a success from a financial standpoint, but his beloved All-Stars had not beaten the pros since 1950. He felt that something drastic must be done. I suggested that a squad of professional all-stars, selected from all the other teams in the league, meet the champions of the year before. This would be a sure-fire draw, I argued, and would create national interest. To this group could be added the newly graduated class of pros-to-be. He conceded I had a good idea except for the slightly important point that the professional teams would never agree to it, because it would break up their entire training camp schedule and series of exhibition games by the absence of key stars. So this idea fell through. He finally hit upon the idea of acquiring the services of professional coaches who were retired from active coaching. Allow them to hand-pick their players several months in advance and thus "fight pros with pros." Arch felt that college coaches were too stereotyped in their offensive thinking. He longed for a wide-open, semi-spread type of attack, with passes predominating. This year's



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"I don't know when I've enjoyed a ride more."

squad is the result of his thinking.

There was a fine nucleus of professional coaches to draw from. Curly Lunsbeau, whose name is synonymous with the once-proud Green Bay Packers, was selected as the head coach. His assistants are of equal caliber. No one has done more in the development of professional football than my friend Steve Owen. The former N.Y. Giants coach was generally conceded the best defensive coach in the league. Add to these Hank Anderson, who for years was the aggressive line coach of the "Big Bad Bears," and Hampton Pool, the brilliant offensive strategist, formerly head coach of the Los Angeles Rams. Encompassed in this staff are well over 100 years of professional football playing and coaching.

Without giving away any valuable scouting information to the Browns I can say that the 1935 offensive version of the All-Stars is definitely a professional model. Few plays will be run without ends being split wide and backfield flankers. It is no secret that the desired requisite of a professional coach is to have a quarterback who can throw the ball short and long, three good receivers who can catch the ball and run à la Don Hutson, and a big fullback who can keep the middle honest and at the same time protect the passer from the pounding of the determined defensive ends. This All-Star squad has those ingredients coupled with a large defensive line.

HARNESSING THE POWER

But the big problem is to harness that potential power by the night of August 12. The coaches feel that Ralph Guglielmi, ex-Notre Dame and the Redskins' No. 1 draft choice, and George Shaw, ex-Oregon and Baltimore bonus pick, can fill the bill equally well at quarterback; that Fullbacks Dick Bielski, ex-Maryland and Eagles draftee, aided and abetted by Alan Ameche, ex-Wisconsin and Baltimore No. 1 draft choice, can handle the offensive fullback chores; and that good receivers are legion. But one thing must be remembered. Paul Brown, despite the retirement of Otto Graham, has those same ingredients molded into a cohesive unit.

Regardless of the outcome of the game, the All-Stars are studded. I was most interested in who the coaches, with all their knowledge of the requirements of the ideal professional football players, felt were the "tenderloin" prospects for the league; in other words, sure-fire bets. There were some differences of opinion on the No. 1 prospect,

but the choice lay between two players—Max Boydston, the 6-foot 2-inch, 297-pound ex-Oklahoma end and the Cardinals' No. 1 draft choice, and Larry Morris, the 6-foot 2-inch, 218-pound center via Georgia Tech and draftee No. 1 of the Los Angeles Rams. "Would you play them on offense or defense?" I asked. "Hell," drawled Steve Owen, "I'd play 'em both ways."

The game this year will be played under practically pure professional rules instead of the college rules which were in effect last year. So "free substitution" and separate offensive and defensive units will probably be used by both squads.

Other "tenderloins"—and this is not necessarily in the order of evaluation—were 230-pound Jim Temp of Wisconsin, who will be used as a defensive end at Green Bay. The mammoth Negro tackle Roosevelt Greer of Penn State, who will align his 260 pounds on the Giants' defensive line this fall. Frank Varichione, 230-pound ex-Notre Dame tackle, will play regularly for Pittsburgh. Guard Tom Bettis of Purdue will back up the Green Bay line with his 225 pounds. Dick Saymanski, the 227-pound center from Notre Dame, can't miss at Baltimore.

George Shaw and Ralph Guglielmi, both of whom we mentioned before, are brilliant quarterback prospects. Dave Middleton, the 190-pound Auburn slasher and the Lions' No. 1 draft choice, has made a tremendous impression in camp as a halfback. Dick Mooghe, the youngest player on the squad at 20, will be always dangerous at halfback for the 49ers. The 183-pound former Rice speedster is especially a threat on punt and kickoff returns. The Cardinals will be thankful for Linden Crow, the Southern California star, who will be used as a defensive halfback. The 215-pound Bielski is rated just as highly as Ameche at fullback.

There are many others not mentioned by the coaches as "tenderloins" for one reason or another. Frank Eidom, the SMU halfback, is on Army leave, but the coaches feel that he could make any team in the league. Joe Heap, another N.D. contribution to the squad, must be placed close to the top. He will play halfback for the Giants. Jim Salisbury, the UCLA guard and Detroit property, has had a foot infection since arrival and could not be evaluated properly. It's my belief that the Lions will use him.

One thing is for sure: the All-Stars are going to furnish a lot of new blood to the old pros. **END**

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HORSES

by JEREMIAH TAX

HAMBLETONIAN GAY IN GOSHEN
BROUGHT OUT A SWELTERING
CROWD, A GREAT TROTTER AND
A DOG WITH AN ODD APPETITE

OUT IN the pleasantly rolling Orange County countryside, the prime crops of lettuce and celery—on which the area's black-dirt farmers depend for their livelihood—were shriveling under a relentless, blazing sun. The infield grass of Goshen's Good Time Track was as brown in spots as the surrounding hillsides, despite the best efforts of groundskeeper Victor Golemboski to bring it to this day—of all days—in close-cropped, green perfection. Sole consolation for sad-eyed, 59-year-old Golemboski as he surveyed his domain were the close-packed beds of rainbow-colored giant zinnias and phlox, bordering the track for 300 yards and brightening it all along the home stretch. Through two near-killing frosts, a month-long dry spell and against swarms of Japanese beetles, the keeper had nursed those flowers. "After today," he said, "the sun and those Jap beetles can have 'em."

SCOTT FROST A SHOW-OFF

Looking out at Victor Golemboski's zinnias from under the pumpkin-orange and royal blue striped awning covering the stands, 16,000 people sweltered in the dead calm and damp heat. And a few dozen yards from the sharp first turn of the track, in the stable area where the heat was most oppressive of all, Scott Frost was clattering around in his stall, obviously enjoying himself. This great 3-year-old trotter, focus of all speculation about the race, is one of the biggest four-footed show-offs in harness history, and today he had all the visitors he could ask for. As the curious trooped by in a steady stream, he kicked at the straw, rolled his eyes, put out his head to be petted, sorted and hared his teeth—performing with the same gusto that characterizes his appearances on the track. At his feet, a small, honey-colored cocker spaniel—Little Dog to the stable crew—yipped his warning at any who came too close to the horse. Little Dog has been the colt's constant companion ever since he joined the Camp Stables in California eight months ago.

A few feet away, three men were standing with a reporter. They were

Don Beall, the groom, who sleeps in the doorway of Scott Frost's stall every night; Milt Leid, all-round mother hen for the stable and Joe O'Brien, trainer-driver. All three are small men, all three were worried. Leid was talking: "The pressure on Joe is terrific. This is just about the classiest field they've ever had for a Hambletonian. Any other year, any one of those horses might figure to win, but this year, everybody's positive it's got to be Scott Frost. When you're driving with a chance to win, you can enjoy yourself a little ... but not this way. Another thing is that track out there. It's cuppy [soft], which is okay for some trotters that just skip along the surface like ballet dancers, but not Scotty. He's got the longest stride you ever saw—we had to get him a special sulky, higher, wider and longer, so he wouldn't kick it. And when he reaches out, digs in and pushes back, that soft clay just flies out from under him."

One other thing worried this trio, though they tried to shut their own minds to it and keep it secret from sportswriters looking for stories. That was the suspicion that their horse had reached and passed one of his periodic peaks—physically and psychologically—about a week ago. It had simply been impossible, through a full, early season of racing, to point Scott Frost for this one race.

O'Brien, however, was ready. Joe O'Brien wears the perpetual look of the schoolboy whose teacher has just caught him in some bit of mischief—the lowered head, the furrowed brow, the half-smile at some private joke. And today it was as hard to pry a word out of O'Brien as it would be from that trapped schoolboy. As he left the paddock later, bouncing along behind his frisky colt, his last word was that he was "hopeful."

Among those watching him head for the track was pert, vivacious Mrs. Betty O'Brien, excited and bubbly as her husband was quiet and tense. "Oh, Joe's in fine shape," she said to the reporter. "Yes, he had a good sleep last night. Mr. Camp gave him two sleeping pills, but he fell asleep before he

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could take them. He'll dose right off behind the wheel of our car if I'm not careful. When we drive across country from one track to another, I read to him to keep him awake. He likes mystery stories best. The only trouble is he gets so interested in my reading, he doesn't watch the gas gauge. On our last trip out from California, we ran out of gas twice while I was reading to him..." Then she ran off to the grandstand to watch the first heat of the 30th Hambletonian.

In the next hour and 10 minutes—racing two mile heats with an hour's rest between—Scott Frost showed those who'd never seen him before why he is the best 3-year-old trotter alive. In each heat, he ran a different race. Breaking fast in the first, he led practically all the way, turning on his blazing brush speed when challenged. In the second, he was beaten to the first turn and O'Brien tucked him into the rail in second place. Hemmed in there, he was fourth by several lengths at the half-mile post. By the three-quarter, he'd brushed into the lead, was never again headed as he trotted the second fastest time in Hambletonian history, 2:00 3/5.

(As one rival driver put it later, "Scotty was off form today, and the track was wrong for him. Under those conditions, a good horse does as well as he can. But a great horse will still win.")

RED ROSES FOR A WINNER

O'Brien drove Scott Frost to the front of the judges' stand, where they draped the blanket of roses around the colt's neck, and a swarm of photographers and rail jumpers surrounded him for a half hour. Watching his chance, Milt Leid grabbed the roses, slipped through the crowd before souvenir-seekers tore them to shreds. Back at the stables, he hung the blanket carefully on a low rope near the winner's stall, and began receiving congratulations from a stream of other trainers, grooms, drivers and plain harness fans.

Little Dog had been waiting patiently for his friend to return to the stall. He sniffed at the roses, liked what he smelled and took a tentative bite of the nearest blossom. Perhaps in the day's excitement they'd forgotten to feed Little Dog; maybe he just liked roses. Anyway, while Leid was shaking hands and saying thank you, and before Scott Frost was brought to his stall in triumph, Little Dog had made his dinner on eight red Hambletonian roses.

END



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BASEBALL

RED SOX TAKE REDCOATS 181
YEARS, SEVEN MONTHS, THREE
WEEKS AND NINE INNINGS AFTER
A CERTAIN FAMOUS TEA PARTY

by ROBERT CREAMER

THINGS have never been hotter in the American League than they were last week, and the heat was playing tricks on everybody. What had started out to be a taut and exacting drama, replete with superb baseball played by superb baseball teams, collapsed like a vaudeville switch act into a modern version of a wonderful old-fashioned comic opera, complete with complicated plot, broad pratfalls and outrageous surprises. Whenever a hero arose from the dust of conflict (like the White Sox or the Indians, who each took the Yankees two games of three), admiring eyes followed him as he crossed the stage to his next joust—usually with a mouse-sized object like the Baltimore Orioles or Washington Senators. Head held high and eyes fixed on the bright future, the hero then promptly fell flat on his face as Orioles and Senators snapped at his ankles.

It was really an incredible week. The White Sox held a precarious grip on first place on Tuesday, lost four straight games but still retained the lead on Sunday. When they rallied to hold the eighth-place Orioles to a 2-2, 12-inning tie, they actually increased their lead (by two percentage points). The Indians at midweek were in their best shape of the season. All their ailing stars were back in action, their pitching staff had been bolstered by the addition of Sal Maglie and they were set to go. So they proceeded to lose three straight games to the seventh-place Senators. The Yankees, though playing at home, seemed lost.

In Old Boston, however, things were fever-bright. Mike Higgins' young Red Sox profited nicely by the mistakes of their elders further up the line. The Sox had been slaying dragons steadily for a couple of months and had dragged themselves from the mire of the second division to a point just ahaft the leaders. Sunday night they were the closest they'd been all season, a bare one and one-half games behind the White Sox. They looked forward eagerly to three games with the Yankees.

Staid Boston was beside itself. Everyone was talking about the Red Sox. Everyone? Yes, everyone, even (O shades of John Hancock!) at the British Consulate. At the week's end the British Consul himself could stand the situation no longer. History was swept aside; 181 years, seven months, three weeks and nine innings after the Boston Tea Party he took pen in hand and wrote to the Boston press as follows:

To the Editor:

The recent activities of the Boston Red Sox have had a number of sinister consequences which go largely unrecognized by the general public of New England. The foreign observer in your midst has perhaps a certain responsibility for drawing attention to these phenomena.

The staff of this office is 93% British. But coffee-break conversation, instead of centering on proper themes like cricket or Channel swimming, nowadays tends to be dominated by esoteric references to home runs by Mr. Williams, double plays by Messrs. Klaus, Goodman and Zauchin and the wicked curve balls of Mr. Nixon and his conferees.

In brief, an insidious virus has penetrated what should be a sacrosanct British stronghold. One is entitled to ask: is this or is it not brain-washing, American style?

Secondly, those who, like the writer, use radioless motor cars are now being deprived of a legitimate amenity. Scarcely more than two months ago we could leave our offices at the height of the evening rush hour, confidently expectant of a peaceful drive out of the city with frequent restful traffic holdups when our strained nerves would be soothed by gentle music from the cars behind, before and alongside.

And now? From every dashboard Mr. Curt Gowdy is declaiming, not quite loudly enough, that Goodman is on second, Klaus on first and Williams at bat. "Here's the three-two pitch," he says—and there goes the green light and away surge the cars, radio, Curt Gowdy and all. Does nobody care for the nerves of the radioless minority?

Thirdly, one recently had the mortification of witnessing a race known as the "hidden-ball play" successfully employed against the Red Sox during a promising ninth-inning rally. The effect on the tempers, digestions and home life of thousands (certainly of one) must have been disastrous. The hidden-

ball stratagem may be baseball, but it is hardly cricket. Could it not be proscribed? Or at least its use against Boston banned?

Fourthly and finally, in the tranquil days when pennants for the Red Sox were only pie-in-the-sky-by-and-by, it was possible for ordinary mortals like the writer to take advantage of a free afternoon or evening to go to the ball game. Now, obtaining a ticket for Fenway Park demands as much foresight and ingenuity as the Normandy landings of 1944; and the weaker and less experienced, such as Boston's British minority, tend to go to the wall—or, at best, to the bleachers. Would Mr. Higgins consider the merits of a return to the second division? On reflection, perish the thought!

Your correspondent must request that his identity be not revealed outside New England. His addition to local vices, if known in certain quarters, might lead to his premature recall from Boston. This would be a calamity inasmuch as a) he likes Boston, and b) he could not hear to miss the World Series games at Fenway Park at the end of this summer.

Yours faithfully,

Will-m B-r-k-r,

British Consulate General
Boston

ANNIVERSARY



Forty-one years ago this week, in an opening Davis Cup match, Maurice McLaughlin (above), for the U.S., edged out Norman Brookes of Australia in one of tennis history's most memorable sets. Brookes, the veteran master, battled the young California Comet for 32 grueling games, the lead shifting back and forth until the American redhead finally won 17-16. The record crowd saw more tennis in one set than in a whole match, and the victory eased their pain at the final U.S. defeat, 3-2.

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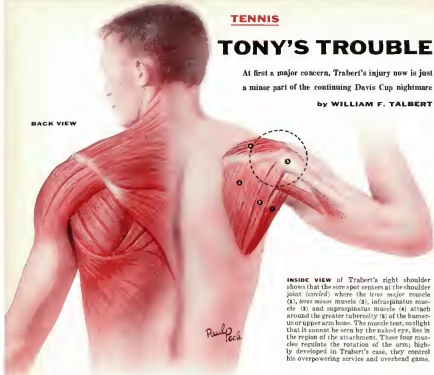
TENNIS

TONY'S TROUBLE

At first a major concern, Trabert's injury now is just a minor part of the continuing Davis Cup nightmare

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

BACK VIEW



INSIDE VIEW of Trabert's right shoulder shows that the sore spot centers at the shoulder joint (circled) where the *teres major* muscle (1), *teres minor* muscle (2), *infraspinatus* muscle (3) and *supraspinatus* muscle (4) attach around the greater tuberosity (5) of the humerus or upper arm bone. The muscle tear, so slight that it cannot be seen by the naked eye, lies in the region of the attachment. These four muscles regulate the rotation of the arm; highly developed in Trabert's case, they control his overpowering service and overhead game.

THE PRE-DAVIS CUP nightmare which started last week persists. In the Australian camp, Captain Harry Hopman benched troubled Lew Hoad and substituted Rex Hartwig who played five erratic sets before defeating Japan's Kosei Kamo in the inter-zone semifinals. In the Eastern grass court quarter-finals, Vic Seixas' game, which has consistently been off, went to pot. He was cleanly upset in two sets by the Texan, Sammy Giammalva, who after troubled years seems to be making his bid. Ham Richardson is still in his slump, and then from Tony Trabert's doctors came word that while his ailing shoulder was "nothing serious," he should skip playing Newport, R.I. this week.

William White, SI's health writer, and Dr. Paul Peck, the magazine's medical illustrator, talked with Tony's specialists.

Here is White's report: As close as they can pinpoint it, Tony suffered a minute yet painful tear near the tendon which joins four shoulder muscles to the upper arm bone. To heal the tear, physiotherapists are applying wet hot packs and massage one hour each morning. To relieve the pain at the back and tip of the shoulder, doctors are using Novocain. This should have the shoulder fit (he runs daily to keep his legs in shape) for Tony to team up with Seixas to defend their national doubles title at Longwood, August 15.

SIDE VIEW



FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

50—season opened (or opens), **5C**—season closed (or closes) **C**—clear water, **D**—water dirty or oily, **M**—water muddy **N**—water at normal height, **SH**—slightly high, **H**—high, **VH**—very high; **L**—low, **R**—rising, **F**—falling, **WT50**—water temperature 50° **FG**—fishing good, **FF**—fishing fair, **FP**—fishing poor **OG**—outlook good, **OF**—outlook fair, **OP**—outlook poor

TROUT, WASHINGTON: Ice is rotten and going fast in high lakes of upper Skagit and Cascade rivers; Stillwell, Clear, Green, Monogram, Upper Falls, Lower Falls, Pound, Slide, Jug, Upper Granite, Upper and Lower Jordan should be accessible now, but check trails before you pack in. Upper Yakima River **FG, OG** for big rainbows; American River **FG, OG**. Single eggs or worms will get you rainbows to 13 inches from Duwamish River, 4 miles above end of road. Lower North, Nascle, Willapa, Humpthill **FG, OG** for sea-run cutts. (Best bet for out-throat: Mosquito and Goodman creeks. Fish with light tackle and small lures or flies with soft wobbler you'll have getting there.) **CONCERN:** Almost all streams were at summer levels last week and fly-fishing should be at season's peak. Deschutes, Crooked, McKenna and Santiam rivers are best bets (but for sea-run cutthroat, try tidal sections of Alsea, Silette, Netastota and Siuslaw rivers where fish are waiting for rain before moving upriver).

CALIFORNIA: Kern River above New Kernville producing most consistent accessible fishing on west slope of Sierra. **FVG** in Little Kern at Quaking Aspen region; Upper Ranch Creek lakes producing nicely, and **OG, OG** on east slope Clark, Lager, Sullivan and Webster lakes are providing lines of golden trout. Northern and central Sierra fishing was mixed last week, with both spin-and-bait fishermen were taking trout to 3 pounds from Fall River, South Fork of Yuba **FG**, main Tuolumne River **FVG** and **OG**, Best trout-and-bait water close to Los Angeles is West Fork of the San Gabriel River.

MICHIGAN: Last week's rains stirred up some action on Pigeon, Jordan, Black and many other rivers; best fly patterns are Gray Squirrel, Beaverkill and Coachman, wet or dry; **OF**.

MINNESOTA: **FP, OF** at Park Rapids on Straight River and in headwater beaver ponds of Lake Superior's north-shore streams.

MONTANA: **FP, OF** until cooler weather.

NEW MEXICO: Heaviest rains in three years slowed troutling over most of state last week. Chama and Brazos rivers **SH, FG, OG**. Pecos and Jemez areas poor to fair, **OF**, with worms doing better than flies.

MAINE: **FVG** at Wadleigh Pond in northernmost section of state (where several anglers have reported catching bluebacks almost extinct since 1912 but previously a popular Maine trout subspecies averaging about 3 1/4 pounds).

IDaho: Best streams in northern state are upper St. Joe River, Marble Creek and Little North Fork of Clearwater where **FVG** with flies. In central state Little Salmon River near New Meadows offers fine evening sport with dry flies, and **OG, OG**. South Fork of Boise River near Damkin reports **FVG** last week and outlook dandy. In south-central area the Big Lost River is giving up 2- and 3-pound trout about 1 1/2 miles below the dam, but water is gin-clear and careful stalking and casting are essential.

COLORADO: Granby Reservoir filling; Shadow Mountain and Grand lakes full; Green Mountain Reservoir **H, FG** for trolling and from bank with bait, flies and lures (white baits make fair-to-excellent catches of Kokoiwa salmon). North, Middle and South forks of the main Platte **SH, FP, OF**. Colorado, Fryan, Fox and Roaring Fork rivers (in Glenwood Springs area) **M, FP, OG**. Yampa and Elk rivers (Steamboat Springs area) **L, C, FP** and lures. **OG, OG**. Snake River **L, CL, FP, OF**. Rio Grande **C, FG** with flies and lures; **OG**.

BROADBENT SWEDFISH: MASSACHUSETTS: Anne Clifton of Hyannis hooked a broadbill last week on 3-thread line in waters east of No Man's Land, played it for 7 hours, lost it, refused to estimate weight.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: **FP** and **OP**, says app. until rainy season opens; meanwhile a few salmon and grise are taking dry flies and small low-water dressings of Thunder and Lightning, Black Dore, Silver Grey and local patterns. (See at least poor) sport is at heads of rivers.

NOVA SCOTIA: Sheet Harbor West, Lunenburg, St. Marys and Margaree were last week's top producers as most streams continue **L, FP, OF** despite fairly heavy recent rains.

MUSKELLUNGE: PENNSYLVANIA: **FP, OF**, too hot, says app.

NEW YORK: Last Sunday's rain cooled Chautauque Lake enough to put a few redheads muskies back on their feed, but outlook is still unimproving through August.

MINNESOTA: Leech Lake below Federal Dam **FP, OF** after terrific production last month (165 muskies to 40 pounds between July 17 and 20); **FG, OG** at Deer Lake; local experts advise black-ducked spoon or big gillie plugs cast from boat into shoreline, varying fast and slow retrieves.

WISCONSIN: Heat wave kept temperatures in 80s and 90s in retirement last week; cool air mass moved into northern state last Friday and may reduce **WT**. Some action reported from Roberts, Italy, Pioneer, Little St. German, Boulder, Plum, Piquele Lake and Squirrel lakes. Muskegon Lakes, Torchawick and Eagle River chains but fish are small. **OF, FG** and improving through August.

BLACK BASS: PENNSYLVANIA: Susquehanna River was at lowest stage in history at Harrisburg and **WT55-55** at press time, **OF** throughout central and western part of state until rains relieve drought; just Conestoga and Sandy lakes and Pymatuning Reservoir were producing splendid catches of largemouth and smallmouth on spunky surface lures and hair flies fished along shoreline in evening and after high tide.

CALIFORNIA: Most reservoirs in San Diego County report improved bass fishing; best bets are El Capitan, lower Otay, San Vicente; **OG**.

FLORIDA: In NW Florida Lake Talquin is producing fine fat bigmouths on popping plugs and bugs almost every evening and **OG**. In central state almost all waters are in fine shape but Lakes Apopka, Washington and Little Lake Harris are standstills, with plugs, flies and artificial corks most-favored lures; **OG**.

TENNESSEE: Lloyd Simmons of Shelbyville caught the bigmouth record for Center Hill Reservoir with an 11 1/4-pound bass last week; **OF, G** on Nerns, Cherokee, Loudoun, Douglas and Watts Bar as catches are mainly crappie and striped bass.

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON: Lower Skagit jumping with outside spring; hottest sport in near month of Gilligan Creek but you can get action all the way to Mt. Vernon; **OG**. Rivers are on rampage at most points N of Ores and west coast of Lummi Island. Nehalem Bay **FG, OG** but fish are scattered; Sekiu **FP**. Buoy 8 and 8 at Westport, whistler buoy at La Push, Skagway Rocks and the Cove at Sekiu are best spots. Pointed Point should be red-hot when water clears and jellyfish clear out. Possession Point, Scotchman Head and Point No Point **FG, OG** with smaller salmon and silvers predominating.

BLUFFISH: NEW JERSEY: Surf-fishing **P**, but **FG** about 7 miles off Asbury Park, 2 1/2 off Shrewsbury Rocks; also just inside Sandy Hook where chumming gets big pay-off.

MARYLAND: Ocean City app says blues are plentiful but small nearby, run hunkies offshore on Jackpot; **OG**.

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THE WAY THE BALL BOUNCES

There's a new crisis at Happy Knoll. The club pro is leaving, unless certain "adjustments" can be made

by J. P. MARQUAND

A letter from Mr. Roger Horlick of the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club to Mr. Albert Magill, president emeritus, regarding the golf professional, Benny Muldoon.

Dear Albert:

The Board of Governors at the Happy Knoll Country Club faces a crisis right at the height of our golfing season. It suddenly looks as though we may lose our golf professional on a two weeks' notice. I know what you are going to say. You are going to say that the Board voted another thousand dollars for Benny Muldoon at one of their recent meetings, and you are also going to say that we should at least have tied Benny up on a season's contract. Well, I suppose you are right on both scores but still, facts are facts. We have never signed Benny up on a contract because Benny has always said he loved the Club and he has always seemed to us like one of our members. Actually, one cannot help being touched by Benny's reaction because he seems more upset, if possible, by the prospect of impending change than any of his host of admirers.

You know as well as I do that Benny is a sentimentalist at heart. There is a genuine quaver in his voice when he speaks about the possibility of leaving Happy Knoll, which he says very frankly is his second home. But, as Benny says, you have got to face facts. It is like, he said when I interviewed him yesterday, the time when he was play-

ing his second 18 at Rough Briar in the state Open. He had belted out a 300-yard drive right down the middle of the fairway. There was quite a gallery following because, frankly, he was hot as a pistol right up to the 7th. There was the green, 80 yards away, heavily trapped, but a cinch for a roll to the cup, if you aimed for the upper slope. Would he use an eight-, a nine-iron or a wedge? He had to make up his mind. He must have been thinking about all his responsibilities there because he called for the wrong club, landed in the trap and blasted out for a measly four. So you have to make up your mind, and either in match play or in life, making up your mind is a pretty tough proposition. Come to think of it, as Benny told me, and you know how philosophical Benny can get when he has the golf house to himself, life from his experience is a good deal like a game of golf. You get yourself into the rough in life just the way you do when you slice off the tee and you've got to take a wedge and some religion to get yourself squared away. Just like in life, in golf you start out with nothing but you have to come home with something.

I took the liberty of interrupting Benny at this point, telling him that in golf the less strokes you came back with the better, and that in life, too, a large income is often a source of worry.

Benny said that at the same time you had to come back with something. And these days when he came back to Patricia (that's Mrs. Muldoon), Patricia

didn't feel he was bringing home enough, even if life wasn't exactly like golf. It seems that Patricia has been needing Benny Muldoon ever since he won that state Open. I told you at the time, Albert, you never should have offered to pay Benny's expenses for that occasion, and if you hadn't, I don't believe that Patricia (that's Mrs. Muldoon) would have allowed Benny to take the money out of what he calls "the kitty" for any such long shot. After all, Benny always said, previous to the state Open, that he was a teacher and not a tournament player. Well, now it's different. Benny now wants to go out to California to Pebble Beach or somewhere so that he can slug it out with "the circuit," and Patricia (that's Mrs. Muldoon) has begun reading the sports columns, and if an unknown like Fleck could beat Hogan, why couldn't Benny beat Fleck?

COMPARATIVE FIGURES

It seems that Patricia is now making notes on the annual incomes of Hogan and a few others, and these figures prove that Benny is not coming home with enough. It seems that he is not thinking of the future of their two children and of the other that is on the way. Instead he only thinks about analyzing the golf swings of a lot of stingy though rich old loafers at the Happy Knoll Country Club. These are my words, not Benny's. These people, Patricia says, could never win the state Open and she could give any of them a stroke a hole

and beat them herself if she weren't expecting. That's the way she is, pugnacious (I'm referring to Mrs. Muldoon). It seems that she keeps needing Benny. Only yesterday she asked him, now that he has won the state Open, why he can't go to a sporting goods store and get his name inscribed on a set of matched irons, like Mr. MacGregor? Ambition, it seems, is Patricia's middle name. It seems to me that Lady Macbeth displayed many of the same attributes on the evening that King Duncan dropped in for the night.

Well, as Benny said yesterday, that's the way the ball bounces and he is a family and not a single man and now there has come a crisis. Hard Hollow first made a bid for him and now comes Rocky River. Rocky River is willing to guarantee Benny \$2,000 more than we are after we have met the Hard Hollow offer. Benny has been most honorable about it and is holding nothing up his sleeve because he loves Happy Knoll and everybody in it, but that's the way the ball bounces. Besides, if he turns Rocky River down, how can he tell Mrs. Muldoon? In addition, Rocky River has a golf house twice the size of ours and everybody at Rocky River loyally buys all their equipment from it. Benny doesn't mean to say anything tough about Happy Knoll members because he loves them all, but sometimes, just to save a buck, they do go to some cut-rate store in the city and come back to the Happy Knoll course with a lot of junk that he would be ashamed to handle, but that's the way the ball bounces. He has an ironclad guarantee that they never will do that at Rocky River and they have a display room that can even handle slacks and tweeds besides caps and windbreakers. So here we have the question. What are we going to do about Benny Muldoon? I know what our deficit is, but Benny has been here for 10 years. A lot of people, including you, Albert, have to go to him regularly. How would you like it if you had to start with someone else? A golf pro, after all, is like a priest in a parish or a headmaster at school.

There are of course people who shop around among golf teachers, but these are hypochondriacs who can never cure themselves by advice from several sources. We both know this, Albert. You may recollect that some years ago I caught you sneaking out to the Hard Hollow Club to see whether their Jerry Scalponi could do more about your basic game than Benny Muldoon. I met you there because, frankly, I had come out for the same purpose and we were both agreed

that all that results from promiscuous golf advice is unhealthy cynicism. Most professionals after diagnosing your golf ailments ask who taught you. When you tell them, they say it is too bad and all that can be done now is to start all over again and, by the way, your set of laminated woods are too heavy in the head and disturb your back swing.

I cannot bear at my time of life to face anyone else except Benny Muldoon, because he has a beautiful gift of sympathy and on the practice tee he suffers with me always. I admit it has been true lately, perhaps because Mrs. Muldoon has been suggesting that he underdresses himself, that Benny seems to be cultivating a Scottish accent. The other day I thought I heard him say "Verra guid," but if Benny wants to be Sir Harry Lauder he still comforts me and leads me safely over the water hazards because his good words are with me; and I certainly ought to remember what Benny Muldoon has told me, because he says the same things over and over but then, what else is there for him to say?

A BIT OF RELIGION

You have got to be calm and collected, he says. Golf, if you will excuse his using a long word, is a psychological game. Have a mental picture in your mind, he says, of the right way of hitting through the ball and you can do it. Golf, if you will excuse him saying so, is a wee bit like religion, and a while ago a gentleman whom he doesn't think I ever knew, because Benny met him years ago at Hot Springs (but he was very important in the coal business and had a Rolls Royce and two lovely daughters) told him about a French doctor called M. Cooley or something like that. You'll have to excuse his French, but seriously, this Doctor Cooley or however you say it stated that you simply had to say a couple of thousand times every morning, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better" and, believe it or not, you did. What Benny wants you to say is simply that every day in every way your golf is getting better. Say it 2,000 times and then go out and see what happens. Only recently he made this suggestion to Mrs. Falconhurst. Benny was worried so sick about Mrs. Falconhurst that when he came home at night he couldn't eat. Frankly, Mrs. Falconhurst was a lovely lady, but he couldn't teach her to hit a balloon. But then he told her about this Frenchman and you ought to see her now.

Confidence is what you need in golf.

If you want it in two words, confidence and Cooley is all there is. Now of course, Benny says, golf isn't like trying to bat a baseball or anything so easy, but in the end, like batting a baseball, it's confidence. Benny says he almost lost his confidence on the long 13th in the Open up at Rocky River. It was the afternoon round and something he ate wasn't sitting well on his stomach. He was using the two-wood on the fairway, giving it everything he had, and he might have even pressed but it was probably the frankfurter he had for lunch. Anyway, instead of making the green he hooked over the third bunker. Frankly, his knees sagged and he burst into a cold sweat, but he said to himself, "I can do it, I can do it," and he came across with the sweetest wedge shot of the day. It wasn't Benny who did it. It was Doctor Cooley and that's the way the ball bounces. As Benny says, there's some other things to golf. Sweep your club head low back on the ground, make a nice pivot, hit from the inside out clean, crisp and smooth. That's another little motto: be crisp and smooth, and let the club head do the work. Don't worry where the ball goes. Just do it and Benny will be happy. Just be crisp and easy and relaxed.

Well, I have been going to Benny more often I am afraid than I go to church. I have heard everything, and in fact, I now know exactly what he will say next. In spite of Doctor Cooley, my reason tells me that my golf never will greatly improve and yet I don't keep going back to Benny and so does everyone else at Happy Knoll. Why? I don't know any direct answer except that Benny can always make you feel that you're going to do better sometime in the foreseeable future. After all, as Benny said when I was speaking to him yesterday, golf teaching is like being a shill in a crap game. You've got to keep the customers coming, you've got to make them feel good and if you don't—no bottle for Buster.

Yet there is another, more cogent reason, I believe, that Benny is able to hold the large and capacious public that he has at Happy Knoll. It is because he universally commands a deep respect. Somehow whenever I see Benny Muldoon I know I am in the presence of greatness. In a way he is more of a doctor than a teacher, but he does not need signed certificates nor garbled language to make his point. The bedside is different from the bedside manner. The truth is, Benny always comes across. He can invariably chip to six

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THE ONE WHO LIVED

Of the great Spanish matadors, only Juan Belmonte is alive today. He's a prosperous rancher now and still an amazingly skillful fighter of bulls

by THOMAS DOZIER

IN THE BARS, cafts and even fashionable drawing rooms where bullfighting is discussed, one name which is always spoken in a reverential whisper is that of Juan Belmonte. There are probably as many divisions of opinion among the followers of the bulls as there are schools of contemporary art, and like modern artists the bull fanciers are loud and certain. But no one in Spain has ever been heard to raise a voice against either of the two greatest bullfighters of modern times—and probably of all time—Juan Belmonte and Joselito.

When Joselito (born José Gómez) and Belmonte began their Great Rivalry in 1914—a friendly but sharp competition which lasted until Joselito's death in 1920—they began the Golden Age of bullfighting. Never before or since has the public been so enthusiastic about the *lucha nacional* nor so sure that when Belmonte and Joselito appeared on the same card—as they did Sunday after Sunday in plazas all over Spain—they would get their money's worth. Joselito had style, grace and unshakable confidence in his own knowledge and skill. Belmonte, a child of the Seville slums who learned his trade fighting bulls surreptitiously at night on the open range, brought a new dynamic dimension to the art of passing a bull with a piece of cloth. Ugly, ungainly, unathletic, Belmonte stood his ground and forced the bull by him so close that the animal's blood wetted his stomach. One contemporary critic wrote: "Belmonte, who is so ugly, so weak, so insignificant, in these supreme moments of the fight is transfigured until he touches a quality of greater beauty than the imagination of Praxiteles could have conceived." Before Belmonte's day, bullfighters

passed bulls with bravery and daring. Joselito added a pass of great sculptural plasticity. Belmonte's passes were living works of art, emotional, dynamic. Belmonte, called in his time *El Terremoto* (The Earthquake) instituted an earth-shaking revolution in the art of tauromachy. He was to bullfighting what Beethoven was to musical composition, and all who followed him had to try to emulate him.

THE BRAVE DIE YOUNG

Joselito died looking in horror at his exposed viscera after a half-blind bull ripped him open in the plaza of Talavera de la Reina on May 16, 1920. He was only 25 years old, and like other great matadors (viz. Manolete, Espartaco and Granero) did not live to enjoy the fruits of his bravery and skill. Belmonte did, and after several unlasting retirements finally quit the ring for good in 1935 to live the life of a gentleman bull-breeder in his native Andalusia. There the old titan lives today, on a magnificent 3,500-acre ranch of rolling, grassy Andalusian tableland 40 miles south of Seville.

During a recent visit with Belmonte, he sat in an open chair in the living room of his gleaming white ranch house. Above him hung the famous life-size oil portrait by the late great Spanish painter Ignacio Zuloaga. The portrait showed a heavy-set, bulldog-chinned man dressed in the crimson and black finery of a matador, standing with bloodstained sword in one hand, the small red cape called the *moleto* in the other. The picture was of Belmonte in his prime. At 63, he is still very much of a man. He has kept himself in better condition than most men half his age by hard riding, tilting bulls in open country and generally

leading the open-air life of a ranch owner. Attached to the side of his house is a completely equipped little bull ring. There Belmonte still keeps his hand in his old art, passing small cows to test their bravery and performance against the day when they will be used for breeding.

Belmonte confesses today that he rarely sees a bullfight any more. "I prefer the bulls in the open country to the bulls in the ring," he says. But in every other way he is active. On a typical day Belmonte will get into his jeep and head out through the gates of a barbed-wire fence to the open range and a herd of 50 or 60 sleek black fighting bulls and cows. He'll get out, mount his horse and ride off with two mounted ranch hands, the jeep following at a distance. This is the beginning of the *suerte de muerte*, a test of the animal's response to punishment. A rider, mounted on a horse of seemingly lasting endurance, attempts to throw a young bull (or cow); a fighting cow at two years equals or surpasses in bravery and ferocity the male of the species off balance with a long, blunted tip. If the tip finds its mark under and to the side of the animal's tail, the beast is tilted violently to the ground. The sport, in addition to providing a test, is difficult and dangerous, but Belmonte gallops through seven or eight passes with the cool dispatch of a pool shark dropping hangers in a side pocket. Sometimes Belmonte even plays for position and will tick a cow off its feet directly in front of the jeep. Should the animal in its fright attack the jeep, Belmonte or one of his men will cut in between the two at great personal danger and attract the beast away. It's all in a day's riding,

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PROMISED LAND OF PIKE

Admirers of the swashbuckling fighter are invading Manitoba's wilderness in their ever-widening search for the fish once scornfully called "snake"

by ERWIN A. BAUER



PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. SAUER

PIKE FISHERMEN are a breed apart. They feel that the elongated, glaring, ugly-jawed northern pike is a creature of rare loveliness and those who can afford the time and the money pursue the fish to the ends of the country. This attitude is a source of continuing

amazement to the native folk of the pike's tremendous stronghold which extends from Labrador to Alaska. In this land where pike are caught by natives mostly for dog food it has long been contemptuously called "snake." Nowadays "jack" is the more familiar

name; it is not one of endearment.

Yet in the face of such disparagement, U.S. pike aficionados are pressing north from hard-fished waters and just now lake-pecked Manitoba is at the threshold of an angling invasion.

continued



FIGHTING PIKE is guided near canoe by Al Staffan in anticipation of another round of frenzied leaping and thrashing triggered by sudden sight of the craft.

SWIMMING MOOSE is playfully followed in Reed Lake after the animal was found feeding in a bay. Other wildlife seen included loons, terns and white pelicans.



MANITOBA PIKE

continued from page 65

To be sure, it has various glamour fish such as the grayling, brook and lake trout for which local inhabitants fish. But the indomitable pike men from the U.S. are in the vanguard.

An example of how that might be called a "pike strike" starts is to be found in the case of Cory Kilvert, a bush-ranging newspaperman from Winnipeg who overheard an interesting conversation in the bar of the Cambrian Hotel at The Pas in Manitoba. A red-bearded stranger tried to interest some revelers in the fact that he had just taken a pike five feet long in a gill net as food for his sled dogs. Reed Lake, where he had caught the pike, was stiff with fish, he said. But no one paid much attention; Manitoba was stiff with lakes stiff with pike.

A winter passed before Cory Kilvert launched a canoe loaded with grub and tackle at Cranberry Portage, 60 miles north of The Pas. After two days of paddling and portaging the Grassy River, he drifted onto the quiet water of Reed Lake and made a cast. The lure traveled a few feet, stopped suddenly, and something like spring steel uncoiled out of the water. It was a 10-pound northern pike which he presently landed.

During the next hour he hooked a pike—and sometimes two, if the first got off—on nearly every cast. Many of them, he was sure, ran twice 10 pounds, and his largest fish seemed three times as big as that first one. When he finally quit, another lake in the promised land for pike fishermen had gained new stature.

There are many more waiting to be discovered. Reed Lake is just a speck in this new frontier being opened up by bush airways. Beyond The Pas, almost beginning in the lobby of the Cambrian, are a quarter of a million miles of brush and muskeg, cascading rivers and glacial lakes. But Reed Lake is an outstanding example of fine Manitoba pike water. More than 500 islands break 200 square miles of water into quiet, shallow bays where vegetation becomes lush by mid-July. Pike loiter around such places from break-up in May to freeze-up in October. They're completely unmolested, except by other pike several sizes larger.

Kilvert and a friend, Len Austin, were waiting with a pair of canoes when Al Staffan and I—all the way from Columbus, Ohio—touched down and taxied to shore recently. We were just 45 minutes from The Pas via a

float-equipped Cessna. Another half hour and we paddled into a small bay full of pike.

It was unsophisticated fishing for unsophisticated fish. Hooking pike was as difficult as getting a lure in the water, even if barely over the gun-wale. There were no dull moments. We had started with gang-hooked plugs but changed to spoons with single hooks when removing them became too much of a chore. Eventually we tried not to catch fish unless they looked substantially heavier than the 8-pound average. Pike were everywhere we moved; a 16 pounder wound up the day's best.

Another morning we traveled eight miles to the mouth of Krug Creek across a surface as smooth as glass.

AS LONG AS FENCE POSTS

Krug Creek drains a chain of lakes said to be as choked with northern pike as Reed Lake. So far no one knows for sure. For the last quarter of a mile to Reed, it hurries through a gorge too small for it, finally settling in a shady backwater full of pike. For another hundred yards or so, the creek follows a confined course over deadfalls and sunken boulders. Then abruptly it opens into a vast, shallow bay.

When the light is right, as in early morning, the bay offers an amazing sight. Scattered around every patch of vegetation are dark, pointed-shaped shadows, some as long as fence posts. Cast a brass spoon to one of them and it comes to life—a northern pike.

Cory eased the canoe close to a patch of pond weeds, and I dropped a spoon with a red-glass eye into the middle of the patch. Northern pike are nothing new to me, but I flinched when five of the brutes converged on the spoon in full view. One made the grade and began a slow circle around the canoe, followed by a competitor. I applied pressure and pumped him in closer. Then his predicament dawned, I suppose, or he saw me for the first time and lurched upward. He floundered on the surface the whole length of the canoe before going down to mow a patch of weeds with my line and leader. He wasn't too difficult after that, being overburdened with trailing weeds. He weighed 19 pounds on a pocket scale.

That was only the beginning. At noon the big pike were still attacking any kind of hardware we threw at them. The best fish caught was a 23 pounder but he was far from the best fish in the bay.

It was the same story where the Grassy River enters Reed Lake, the

spot where Kilvert first found out about the northern pike. Again we tried not to catch fish, picking out only the best prospects. In no time the ante was upped another half pound to 23½.

I was skipping a brass spoon across the surface to keep it away from a pair of upstart pike following close behind, when suddenly, from almost under the canoe, another pike lunged at the spoon and missed. When I stopped retrieving in surprise, he lunged again, caught the sinking spoon and rushed away. That first run, with the reel handles out of control, was hard on knuckles already bruised and bloody. A hundred feet away, the pike surfaced and began a terrible thrashing.

He came in willingly then; many of them do. It's an old northern tactic to play possum and suddenly make a break for it. This was no exception. The second run was a dandy and it didn't end, really, until he'd made a couple of circles around the canoe and the entire bay as well. The finale was a head-shaking tattoo on the canvas that left Kilvert, who grabbed the fish across the gill covers, soaking wet. While removing the hook with a pair of pliers, I noticed that only a single strand of my braided metal leader remained unbroken.

The pike was handled easily on a fairly stiff casting rod, with a reel full of 20-pound test line. Like any pike in the province, it could probably have been whipped with a spinning outfit and light monofilament line. But why make it so hard?

Once, lakes like Reed were virtually inaccessible. But now the whole region is opened and getting in there is reasonably simple and inexpensive. A float-plane charter, for instance, runs about 60¢ a mile, or \$60 to fly to a lake 100 miles in the bush. Divided by two or three fishermen, that isn't bad.

To spare fishermen the details of planning a fishing trip, a few Manitoba outfitters offer package deals. For \$275 to \$400 they'll fly you into a remote, even a virgin lake for a week's adventure. That price includes the plane charter, guide, license, canoe, meals, everything. No extras are involved. Of course an experienced woodsman can cut corners and plan the charter on his own, but the country is primitive and that could be tricky business.

A letter in advance to The Pas, Cranberry Portage, Flin Flon or the Department of Industry and Commerce, Winnipeg, will assure you of the services of a reliable guide. Some even go so far as to guarantee a strike within three casts—anytime. **END**

PHYSICAL FITNESS

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school can have as many as 1,000 students, but the only ones who receive systematic muscular training are those who have the good fortune to win a place on one of the school's athletic squads. It's a matter of common sense that the children who get the least exercise are the ones who need it most.

The Amateur Athletic Union and similar organizations can supplement sports programs in the schools. The AAC is doing such a job at present with its Junior Olympic Program, which has attracted more than 500,000 youngsters. But in the long run the AAU program can't go it alone—it's up to the schools to send forth youngsters physically prepared to take part.

The Kraus-Prudden team and the Kraus-Weber Tests do have their critics.

One such is Representative Frank M. Karsten, Democrat of Missouri. He fired off a letter to the President immediately after the White House sports luncheon. Wrote Mr. Karsten to Mr. Eisenhower: "According to Dr. Kraus' statement, the physical fitness of

American children is eight times lower than the physical fitness of European children. Simply on the mathematical surface, this is a ridiculous statement, and I am very much surprised that you would dignify it. . . ." The congressman then asked the President to explore the matter through "the proper Governmental Agencies" rather than take stock in Dr. Kraus's figures.

Perhaps the most studied criticism of the Kraus-Weber Tests has come from two researchers at the State University of Iowa. Graduate Student Janet Atwood and Associate Professor Margaret Fox of the Physical Education Department for Women first took a course of instruction for administering the tests at one of the Kraus-Prudden test certification clinics. Thus armed, they then gave the Kraus-Weber Tests to 575 normal, healthy children in grades one through six. Their findings: the tests "far underestimate" the muscular strength and flexibility of children tested inasmuch as the children must pass all six tests with no credit given for partial success in any of the tests.

Miss Atwood and Dr. Fox point out, so says the release from Iowa, "that to say that a child has failed these tests of muscular fitness as a whole because he cannot pass one of them with a score of 100% is as unrealistic as calling a child feeble-minded because he can't pass a quiz on mathematical skill or vocabulary mastery in a series testing his intellectual capacity."

Dr. Kraus and Miss Prudden reply: "A correct comparison would be as follows: a patient subjected to a medical checkup fails to be healthy in one of the tests, such as high blood pressure, albumin in the urine or a low blood count. This patient would still be considered sick in spite of, for example, having perfect hearing and eyesight."

The Iowa researchers find particular fault with the flexibility test. Southern European children and adults are shorter than Americans; this means that they are subject to "less intensive spurts of growth and so should be expected to retain more flexibility during the growing period." They say that to expect "maximum flexibility in the child's muscles while his bones are growing rapidly is like trying to stretch the same rubber band with an

HOTBOX SPECIAL continued from page 33

ROBERT F. WAGNER Jr.

Mayor of New York



"It's most important to get sports leaders. Youngsters look up to athletic heroes. Big cities must make more space available so boys can participate in sports. They must have good, friendly supervision. In New York we have many such areas, but not enough. We're trying. Our Police Athletic League was the country's first."

PAUL H. HELMS



Founder
Helms Athletic
Foundation

"The establishment of an annual fund to carry on youth activities, and the creation of a nonpolitical board, and a director, with supervisors in each state, merits consideration. This would boost American morale and loyalty, and build healthier and more wholesome-minded youngsters."

ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD

Explorer



"President Eisenhower's crusade to combat juvenile delinquency by means of mass participation in sports is, in my opinion, the most hopeful approach to the problem that has yet been suggested. The wholesome influence of sports participation on underprivileged youth is something that cannot be overestimated. It automatically instills in them a positive team spirit, as opposed to the unsocial group psychology of the 'gang'; in teaching them to cooperate with others in play, it makes it easier to teach them to work and live together. At the same time it inculcates in them a respect for the other side and for the rules of the game—which, basically, is the same thing as the respect for the rules of society."

To be truly effective, such a program requires three things: 1) Increased facilities on a scale adequate to provide an outlet for the energies of our teenagers; 2) Trained leaders who should, insofar as possible, combine the qualities of sports coach, the educator and the juvenile psychologist. The program will be as effective as its leadership; 3) The full-hearted participation of parents, community leaders and the leaders in the world of sports."

BAKE DIDRIKSON

Champion athlete



"Make it easier for kids to play. They like sports. All they need is encouragement. We should have more civic-minded coaches who are interested in youngsters. Parents, too, should be encouraged to join their children in sports. I'd also give autographed pictures of all the sports champions to youngsters."

ROY CAMPANELLA

Catcher
Brooklyn Dodgers

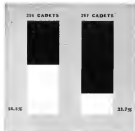


"By creating interest at an early age in playgrounds and in community centers. We need many more. In Philadelphia, I developed an interest in sports at my school playground. If a boy doesn't develop an interest in sports early enough, he'll do other things for excitement and may go wrong."

increasingly longer stick. . . . If you make the stick enough longer, the band just won't 'give' much."

To this Dr. Kraus and Miss Prudden also have a reply. They say: "To start with, we did not test southern European children. The children tested were from northern Italy, Austria and Switzerland. Their sizes were completely comparable with our own. Furthermore, the floor-touch test is not related to size, but rather to stress and emotional tension. When the original measurements were established, Dr. Sonja Weber computed leg length and floor-touch results and found ability to touch the floor was completely unrelated to size."

Critics notwithstanding, an impressive number of physical education authorities back the Kraus-Weber Tests. Dr. Peter Karpovich, Research Professor of Physiology at Springfield College, one of the nation's leading physical education schools, says that the Kraus-Weber Tests have fulfilled "a very important function by calling attention to the fact that our children do not get sufficient exercise." Last year Dr. Donald K. Mathews and two other members of Springfield's Tests



FAILURE TO GRADUATE for any reason from West Point included half in group with lowest physical aptitude (left). Highest group (right) had far less, 1951-55.

and Measurements Division gave the Rogers Physical Fitness Index test to more than 4,000 boys in junior and senior high schools. Their report: "At no time was a school found to be average or above [compared to previous] national norms." The Rogers test, which involves the use of expensive equipment not within the reach of most schools, is particularly valuable in that it has been in use since the '20s

and thus allows examiners to compare results with standardized norms set then. Physical education authorities are generally in agreement that the Kraus-Weber Tests and the Rogers test complement each other. No one is more in agreement with this than the man who devised the Physical Fitness Index, Dr. Frederick Rand Rogers. Says Dr. Rogers: "Doctors Kraus and Weber have provided in their battery of six tests far and away the most valid and generally useful measure of physical fitness for children of elementary school age."

These then were the facts presented to Dwight D. Eisenhower. After hearing the report on the nation's youngsters at the White House luncheon, President Eisenhower was moved to recall some thoughts of his own. During World War II, when he was a five-star general, the nation was facing the greatest crisis in its history. Men were never more needed to serve America's cause but, the President recalled, more than 50% of them were unable to serve because they were physically unfit. Dwight D. Eisenhower did not need to be reminded that a problem does exist. END

TOOTS SHOR

New York restaurateur



"We have great athletes in this country. They should stay in athletics. All of us are here worshipping, kids especially so.

We should send our great athletes to the Little Leagues. The kids would respond enthusiastically. Why does Yale get the best swimmers? Because Yale sends its swimming stars to the kids."

JAMES V. BENNETT

Director U.S. Bureau of Prisons



"In my work with juvenile offenders I have found that youth has several fundamental drives: a craving for excitement and adventure, the capacity for hero worship, and the need to share experience with others in their own age group.

No mass participation sports program could succeed without taking into consideration these basic drives. Our playground program areas are in a shambles. Police boys' clubs are doing magnificent work and should be generously supported. Beyond that, instead of allowing that profound capacity for hero worship to find its own object, much could be done to give it a more constructive direction. Great sports figures might be approached to sponsor or organized groups in the sports which they represent. Fraternal organizations could undertake a wider program of sponsorship built around outstanding figures in the sports world. Sporting goods manufacturers might well spend some of their advertising money in this way. Fathers might work out some kind of rotating plan to provide sports activity for boys in the neighborhood and thus prevent the groups from degenerating into unwholesome 'gangs.'"

BILL (Hugalong Comdy) BOYD

Actor



"By development, through subsidization by public funds, of programs like Little League baseball, football, tennis and swimming. The outstanding tennis players developed by Australia's small population proves this can be done. And if kids would spend more time teaching their boys, both would have more fun."

JOHN GALT

Radio and TV celebrity



"Through local groups like Rotary, Masonic, Knights of Columbus, etc. Let each sponsor sports events in community leagues. These groups all raise money for worthwhile things. If they try, they can restore the competitive spirit on the grassroots level that existed in this country during less complex times."

J. EDGAR HOOVER

Director Federal Bureau of Investigation



"The first need is a nationwide understanding of the necessity for clean, wholesome recreation that comes from participation in athletics. A youthful participant need not be an expert or a champion. Then there is the need to provide the facilities and a program. Participation by youth will follow."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

DOH BUDGE

Tennis star



"By participation in junior sports events by top athletes, who should make personal appearances, organize sports clinics and stage sports events. I'm taking eight of the most promising junior tennis players around the country to play in tournaments and to coach them."

JOHN SCHIFF

President
National Council
Boy Scouts of
America

"It's probably best for schools throughout the country to give more attention to the playgrounds and sports. It might be advisable to make a certain amount of sports activity compulsory. But children should be divided into groups within their abilities. Certainly weekend Boy Scout camping, as well as summer camps, has grown up tremendously in the last 15 years and offers a lot to youngsters."

FRED J. CORCORAN

Promotional director
PGA and IGA

"Interest many more young boys in becoming caddies. Many fairly recent state laws prohibit a boy from caddying until he is 14 or 16. Many of our champions started out as caddies when they were 10 or so. There is no finer training for life than golf offers a young boy."

ADMIRAL ARLEIGH BURKE

Chief of
Naval Operations

"Adult enthusiasm would be a partial solution to the problem, not perfunctory or simulated interest, but genuine interest. Interest and enthusiasm have a contagious quality and under the proper environment they seem to radiate and rub off on other people. I say the interest must be genuine, however, for the keen, intuitive eyes of children can spot superficiality and reluctance as readily as any grown-up. So the problem may actually be one of stimulating adult interest."

GENE TUNNEY

Former heavyweight
champion

"The fastest way to achieve the President's wishes regarding expanded physical activities and sports, generally, is to energize the existing welfare organizations. I mean groups like the Police Athletic Leagues, YMCA, YMHA, Catholic Youth Organizations, Boy Scouts, etc. Through liaison with Departments of Welfare and funds from the federal and state governments, the job can be done."

IKE GRASHER

President
U.S. Golf Assn.

"This requires the intensive publication of the astounding facts regarding our youths' physical deficiencies. Parents, educators, publishers, movie- and TV-must focus attention on the pleasure and benefits of sports. Wider adoption of the Little League idea would be effective."

BERNARD GIMBEL

Department State
Executive

"It seems to me that the recent meeting held at the White House by President Eisenhower, with leading sports figures, will arouse nationwide interest. But, to accomplish the results he hopes for, we will have to set up a strong organization, headed by a top personality with great ability. It should be a full-time job. He must evolve a program that interests the majority of boys and girls in improving themselves mentally and physically."

ARTHUR GOFFREY

TV and radio
celebrity

of America. The 'Secretary' should first organize qualified adults to teach and supervise sports. Pay them well. Then provide suitable areas for sports and proper transportation."

JAMES G. MORRIS

President IBC and
Madison Square
Garden

"I'm in favor of doing anything that will bring more of our youngsters into active sports participation. Our organization will go along with any promising program with all the facilities at our disposal. Expanding present sports facilities for boys and girls would help somewhat, but that's not the answer. We need different type people supervising sports projects. We should interest citizens with different backgrounds than those presently in control. An altogether different group, composed of top sports people is needed. I feel a lot of this should start in the home. Many kids think, wrongly I'm sure, that their teachers, the police and others in control are their enemies. We will go along with all the facilities we possess at Madison Square Garden and at our other arenas if someone will only come up with a program that will work."

FRANK L. BOYDEN

Headmaster
Deerfield Academy

"By mass participation in athletics. The younger children are being increasingly well cared for by camps and Little Leagues. The problem is the teenagers who are too old to be interested in camp and too young to work. We must find additional leaders to guide, inspire and control them. There are many boys—recent high school graduates or college students—who need to earn money for their education. They are full of enthusiasm, they understand youngsters. With adequate backing and direction they can do much to provide a normal, healthy physical outlet for the nation's teenagers."

BERTRAM W. BECK

Director Juvenile
Delinquency Project
Children's Bureau

"The key is to have an athletic program that is broad enough to encompass a wide variety of needs among youngsters. Some kids are better on teams and others at games involving one opponent. Little League baseball, for instance, is fine as far as it goes. It takes care of some boys, but not all. Youngsters should not be forced into one pattern. They will develop interests that will stay with them only if they are supervised intelligently in the sports they like best."

ROBERT MOSES

New York City
Park Commissioner

"Expand existing successful sports enterprises, by giving them the means—money for a staff, the equipment and prizes. I refer to city and state park systems, public and parochial school recreation systems, Boy and Girl Scouts, the AAU, PAL, K of C, CYO, YMCA, YMHA, YWCA, YWHA. We don't need new superduper commodities."

WALTER A. GERDULD

President
A. G. Spaulding & Co.

"The President's committee must impress parents that they have to sell youngsters on sports. That's how the Little Leagues got their start. This has been the most successful form of mass participation in years. What is needed is expansion of Little Leagues on a wider basis."

HARRY DONIGER

President
McGregor Sportswear

"We must give boys in crowded areas more playgrounds. Through the agency of the Boy Scouts, we are able to go into such areas where juvenile delinquency principally begins, take these kids off the streets and into Boy Scout camps, where they see a new way of life. They learn all the things boys should know and do. From this, they develop into good citizens. Scouting is a 12 months' program with trained leadership. One of the most important things a lad needs, which he gets out of scouting, is that sense of belonging."

THE REV. THEODORE M. HESBURGH

President of
Notre Dame

"It's a simple problem—organization and money. The big thing is to have play areas in cities. The biggest gangs are in areas where there are no places to play. Children hang out in alleys and get into trouble. Also, school playgrounds look deserted. Are they all open?"

GEN. JOHN R. KILPATRICK

Chairman of the
Board
Madison Square
Garden

"Theyouth of America looks up to its sports figures as idols. President Eisenhower took the biggest step forward by pointing up the problem through his luncheon with top sports personalities at the White House. He has set the standard. Certainly other leading citizens should pick up from there."

ESTES KEFAUVER

United States Senator

"We need solid citizens who will give their time to supervise sports in schools, clubs and the playgrounds. Lots of people talk but do nothing. Paid supervisors do a good job, but there are not enough of them. We need more volunteers. Kids are going to look up to someone, either a Dillinger or a good citizen."

DR. HENRY M. WRISTON

President
Brown University

"The first essential for reporters to treat sports as sport, not a business. They play up a boy as if he were a big shot about to turn pro, rather than a schoolboy. Exploitation gets to the fore and sports are left far behind. We should return to a balance badly upset by too much exploitation."

JACK DEMPSEY

Former heavyweight
champion

"More clubs, properly supervised, properly operated and properly financed. There are few places to play in large cities. This is a proper venture for state taxation. It's time for the public to wake up and do something for our kids. We have money for everything, but none for our children. For two straight years, I conducted tournaments throughout the United States and Canada to stimulate boxing and develop fighters. I was discouraged by the lack of interest."

WALLY MODN

Outfielder
St. Louis Cardinals

"We didn't have that problem in my town, Bay, Arkansas, population 300. There sure was plenty of play space back home. But that's the crux of the problem in our big cities. That and also the difficulty of getting enough volunteers to coach the kids. Former athletes ought to be glad to volunteer and get some exercise. Besides, I think it's the duty of ex-pros to coach."

G. H. CRAWFORD

President
Dunlop Tire Co.

"A youngster is no better than his teachers and fathers taught us. I have two boys of my own. They are not DiMaggios, however. I encourage them in every way, in every sport. I believe that's the key to our problem."

JIMMY JEWELL

Rather conductor
and 3-letter man
at Brown University

"Boys must have an incentive. Mere sports participation is not enough. I grew up fighting for a few privileges, just as many of these are doing today. There must be a compelling reason for sports participation, not the mere admonition to 'get off the streets or you'll get into trouble.' When I was 16 years old, I read my first nickel novel. I'll never forget it. The title: *From Newbery to Midshipman*. The hero was a good athlete. Athletics gave him contacts with people, some of them influential. Through these contacts, he was able to get an appointment to the U.S. Naval Academy. After reading that nickel novel, I had no chance to compete in all kinds of sports. And I made influential friends. They helped me get an appointment to the Naval Academy, where I stayed for two years before resigning to go to Brown University."

"Sports must be made attractive to promote mass participation. That can be done in a number of ways—hero worship, competition between teams, the desire to excel, the chance of getting a college scholarship, appeal to personal pride, school spirit, community spirit, etc."

"I just trolled it—
what a sweetheart!"



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HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 45

inches of the cup. With his left arm alone he can send the ball 200 yards. He can slice or hook at will and can parody the play of any of his pupils, but always in a genial manner. He can also drive a ball from the top of a gold watch without damaging its mechanism and once he was prepared to drive a ball off the head of our fellow member, Mr. Featherstone, who was in one of his customarily genial moods, but the Greens Committee intervened. I have always been sorry for this because it might have been that Benny would have hit below the ball for once in his career. Somehow when Benny Muldoon wears the golf accessories that are on sale in the golf shop they always fit him; they never look ridiculous as they do on some of the rest of us, not the loudest shirts, not even tam-o'-shanters. But it is not dress, not exposition, but his unfailing kindness that I most admire. Benny knows very well that we could all be as good as he if we had had his chance to be a caddy at a New Jersey country club whose name I can never pronounce. He has a special niche in his heart for everyone, and a very long memory, too. It is true that he asked me the other day how my water on the knee was getting on, but he corrected himself immediately. He had been thinking of Mrs. Falconhurst. He meant the burstis in my right shoulder, the same complaint from which President Eisenhower suffers, and Ike is a pretty hot golfer, considering. It is inconceivable to think of telling my more intimate golfing troubles or the more disgraceful things I have done on the Happy Knoll links to anyone except Benny Muldoon. There is a personal rapport in these matters which cannot be overlooked.

A PROPOSITION

Frankly, Albert, I have not had a good year in a business sense, but the stock market has been rising in spite of the Fulbright Committee. I can, if necessary, sell something. There has been so much hat passing lately that any more might cause repercussions. I think that you and I have got to take it upon ourselves to fix this thing about Benny Muldoon. In fact, I have done so already. I have told him that I would pay half and you would pay the rest, and just remember, that's the way the ball bounces.

Sincerely,
Roger Horlick

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BELMONTE

continued from page 66

Occasionally Belmonte runs across a shabbily dressed teen-ager crouching in the long grass with a muleta or a big cape grasped tightly in his hand. "Aspirante," he explains. "They come onto the ranch all the time to practice bullfighting." Belmonte remembers the chases of his youth (once by a guard's gunfire) and lets them practice to their heart's content.

Even now, one of these youths is on

who have become insured to Belmonte's greatness with the years.

Belmonte might handle four cows in an afternoon. The cape is never shown to the bulls, who learn quickly and remember well. Familiarity with the cape would ruin them for the big rings, but with the cows it is different. They will not fight, only breed, and it is their courage that is being tested.

The sessions in the ring double as schooling for young would-be matadors. Belmonte watches the aspirants carefully, calling "No, no, not that way



ON HORSEBACK at his Andalusian ranch, the energetic Belmonte leads dangerous race after fleeing bulls. Men tilt animals off feet with poles in test of future endurance.

his ranch. Miguel Vargas is his name. He's 16 and Belmonte picked him from the slums of Seville to come and learn bullfighting. Miguel plans to make his debut when he is 18. According to Belmonte's expert eyes, there is little doubt that he will make a great *torero*.

In his private bull ring Belmonte is a bit slower today than he was at the top of his fame, but a lot of the old emotion is still there, and the beautiful play between sudden spurts of intense action and moments of sculptural grace has survived through the years. With his cape, belted inside with the magic name "J. Belmonte," he will execute an incomparable *revés de muleta*, an exquisite pass close to the body, and then he will exchange his cape for his smaller *muleta*, and go through the truly close-in motions that used to set the packed galleries roaring with *oles* of joy and wonder. Belmonte is still so good that when he executes a classic *pase de pecho*, the maneuver, which sends the recharging bull screaming past right to the chest, brings spontaneous applause from the somewhat blasé ranch hands

—that's too elegant; put your heart into it." And when a protégé does well and is applauded, he cautions the audience. "Not too much; he'll get a big head. That is bad."

At the end of the afternoon, Belmonte sums up his cows. One perhaps is brave enough to be chosen as a future mother of fighting bulls. One might be marked as too cowardly and consigned to the slaughterhouse to make steaks for the Belmonte table. The rest are graded as "possible" and sent back to the open range to be tested three months later.

It is a quiet life for a man who has known the adulation of all Spain. There are times when the rugged figure in the Andalusian rancher's outfit speaks wistfully of a noble kill. But it is the trips of his youth across the Guadalquivir River that Belmonte recalls with real pleasure.

"On the other side of the river," Belmonte said to his parting guest, "that is where we fought the bulls naked in the moonlight."

"That was the best."

END

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YESTERDAY

BLOOMERS ALOFT

In 1906, when most women were kitchenbound, these brave girls defied custom and Mt. Baker



CUMBERSOME FASHIONS OF THEIR DAY FAILED TO HINDER MAZAMAS'

SUCH words as "foolhardy" and "unwomanly" were used to describe 47 bravely bloomed ladies who in 1906 took decorous delight in skittering up and down the icy sides of Mt. Baker, a formidable peak in the Washington Cascades. But some admiration was expressed too. Few women in those days even ventured out of their kitchens, much less scaled dangerous peaks. It was the era when women, still encased in one of history's most uncomfortable and action-inhibiting costumes, were just beginning a timid entry into sedate sports like lawn tennis and croquet. Not many women in 1906 were the stuff of which mountaineers are made, but this daring group of bloomer girls was undaunted by the mores and limitations of the rest of their sex.

The climb was made by a mountaineering club in Portland, Oregon, named the Mazamas, after a mountain goat. It was their 13th annual outing and the most difficult assault of their history. But their stern Chinook motto, "*Nenika Klataxa Sakale* [We Go Up], promised a determined ascent.

Two professional photographers, Charles Finley Easton and Asahel Curtis, hauled cumbersome glass plates up the mountain to record the historic event, thereby giving the sport of mountain climbing for females a great impetus. The pictures showed the bloomed, pneumatic-bloused lady Mazamas waving jaunty ice axes from dizzy heights. And the intrepid women became the talk of the Northwest.

There were 71 male Mazamas on the expedition, aiming (as were the ladies) to make the first climb of the 10,750-foot mountain's perilous northeast face. A few of the men made it; none of the women did. But their very presence on the mountain was a joyous victory over convention and the wilderness.

A frontier train deposited a vast quantity of dunnage and foodstuffs at the logging-and-mining settlement of Glacier. Some twenty rugged miles above was the chosen Mazama campsite at Galena Chain of Lakes. "Social amenities took flight," one of the climbers reported, as the mile-long procession of Mazamas struggled till late at night to reach Galena from Glacier. The next morning the Mazamas awakened to see a feathery display of hats protruding from the ladies' sleeping bags. Everyone had gone to bed weary

and fully clothed. However, all were "restored to a state of sublime tranquillity" by unsalted mush eaten in the smog from a cookstove pipe that "smoked most foully until extended by empty coffee cans." They found a way up Mazama Dome and spent hours sliding fearlessly down its 1,600-foot snow field in tin washbasins, using cedar poles as rudders.

On Coleman Peak, highest pinnacle between camp and the summit of Mt. Baker, the Mazamas cut steps in the ice to provide footing. Catherine Montgomery, now a retired school supervisor of Bellingham, Washington, asked a male climber if she might cling to his coatails, since heights made her dizzy. "If you suffer from dizziness," said the man coldly, "why did you come?"

Miss Montgomery still exults in the justice of her matter-of-fact reply: "It's a calamity—like being bald." That night at the campfire the gallant removed his derby. To her delight, he was bald as an egg.

INTREPID LADY MAZAMAS, WHEN MOUNTAINEERING, WERE BOUND BY





ENTHUSIASTIC LADIES IN THEIR TUG OF WAR PLAYED TO KEEP FIT BETWEEN CLIMBS

If the men expected the ladies to be an encumbrance, they were surprised. The damsels gloried in the wilds. A Wellesley graduate, Mrs. R. D. Hann, bathed nude each morning among the ice chunks in a body of water now called Hann's Lake. And although the other women responded to the frequent visitations of bears with shrill squeals of "Bears in camp!" there was no panic. Even a small forest fire that approached within 200 yards of base camp didn't faze the girls.

On the day of the official climb 33 Mazamas, eight of them women, roped themselves together and without the aid of crampons climbed across a glacier. After crawling along a ridge, they pressed on toward Baker's summit. At Furnace Stone Pinnacle, called "Patience Knob," not far below the summit, the chilled, thrilled group waited five hours hoping their reconnoitering party would report that ascent was possible. But the precipices, slanted at about

65°, barred all but trained Alpinists. The disappointed 33 returned to high camp at the foot of Coleman Peak, "puzzled—but not defeated."

On following days gentlemen Mazamas made the ninth, tenth and eleventh known ascents of Mt. Baker. The map of the mountain bears permanent imprint of the Mazamas. A falls, the glacier on the northeast slope, an alpine park, the Sphinx (a rock formation within 400 feet of the summit), the Dome, two lakes and a crater are named "Mazama." In the fifty years since the bloomer girls' attempted assault of Mt. Baker, most of the peaks in western U.S. and Canada have felt the beat of Mazama boots. But historians agree that the decision of the 33 to turn back before reaching Baker's summit was not due to the presence of ladies on the expedition. Says Will Pratt, Whatcom County (Wash.) auditor, who in 1906 was a runner for the news services: "Those girls would have attempted anything. Women aren't like that any more." (END)

THE SAME FULL SLEEVES, LONG-SLEEVED BLOUSES, LARGE HATS THEY WORE AT HOME



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August 12 through August 21

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12

Archery
National Target Championship finals, Oxford, Ohio.

Baseball
● Chicago vs. Milwaukee, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Football
● College All-Stars vs. Cleveland Browns, Soldiers' Field, Chicago, 9:30 p.m. (ABC-TV; Mutual radio).

Tennis
Austrie vs. Italy, Davis Cup Interzone final, Germantown CC, Philadelphia (until Aug. 14).

Track & Field
Great Britain vs. Hungary, White City Stadium, London (also Aug. 13).

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13

Auto Racing
Premier Sports Car Race meeting, Edendale Airport, Toronto.

Baseball
● Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (CBS*).

● Boston vs. Washington, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
Carl (Bobo) Olson vs. Jimmy Martner, middleweights (nontele), Portland, Ore. (10 rds.).

Football
● San Francisco 49ers vs. Pittsburgh Steelers (exhibition), Sacramento, Calif., 8:30 p.m. P.D.T. (ABC*).

Philadelphia Eagles vs. Baltimore Colts (exhibition), Hershey, Pa., 8:55 p.m.

New York Giants vs. Green Bay Packers (exhibition), Spokane, Wash., 8 p.m. P.S.T.

Horse Racing
Final of 2-race competition for national pacing championship, for \$25,000 purse, Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, N.Y.

Horse Racing
● Princess Pat Stakes, \$50,000, 11-1/2 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill., about 6:05 p.m. (NBC).

● Saratoga Special, sweepstakes (summer-take-all), 6f., 2-yr.-olds, Saratoga, N.Y., about 4:20 p.m. (ABC).

● Trainers Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Saratoga, N.Y., about 5:20 p.m. (NBC).

Olympic Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J.

Motorboating
Inboard Service runabout (Classes O, E, F) sail, championships, Buffalo, N.Y.

Sailing
Eastern YC 106-m. cruise, Marblehead, Mass. to Boothbay Harbor, Me.

Tennis
U.S. vs. England, for Wightman Cup, Westchester CC, Rye, N.Y. (also Aug. 14).

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14

Auto Racing
NASCAR 250-m. mil. championship stock car race, Memphis, Tenn.

SCCA natl. hillclimb, Mt. Washington, N.H.

Baseball
● Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*).

Rube Ruth League World Series, Austin, Tex. (until Aug. 21).

Golf
World Championship finals, Tam O'Shanter CC, Niles, Ill.

Motorboating
Michigan Maritimes, Cheboygan, Mich.

Motorcycling
AMA-sanctioned 6-m. natl. dirt track championship, Stargis, S. Dak.

Rowing
President's Cup Regatta, Washington, D.C.

Sport News Racing
● All American Derby, Akron, Ohio, 5 p.m. (CBS*).

Swimming
AAU women's outdoor championship finals, Philadelphia.

MONDAY, AUGUST 15

Boxing
● Neal Rivers vs. Joe Mag., middleweights, St. Louis, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).

Golf
USGA Girls' Jr. tournament, Florence, S.C. (until Aug. 19).

Horse Racing
Illinois State Fair Colt Stake, \$57,500, 1 m., 3-yr.-old colts, Springfield, Ill.

Illinois State Fair Colt Stake, \$57,500, 1 m., 3-yr.-old pacers, Springfield, Ill.

Illinois State Fair Colt Stake, \$60,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Springfield, Ill.

Illinois State Fair Colt Stake, \$60,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-old pacers, Springfield, Ill.

Tennis
USLTA doubles championships, Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16

Horse Racing
Renew Futurity, \$18,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old trotters, Springfield, Ill.

Sailing
Northwest Bay Race Week, Port Washington, N.Y. (until Aug. 18).

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17

Auto Racing
World Series of Drag Racing, Lawrenceville, Ill. (until Aug. 21).

Baseball
● Detroit vs. Cleveland, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
● Nino Valdes vs. Bob Satterfield, heavyweights, Chicago Stadium, Chicago (10 rds.), (ABC-TV 10 p.m.; radio 10:15 p.m.).

Fishing
Natl. casting tournament, St. Louis (until Aug. 21).

Football
Los Angeles Rams vs. Washington Redskins (exhibition), Los Angeles, 8 p.m. P.O.T.

Golf
Canadian Open tournament, Toronto (until Aug. 20).

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18

Baseball
● Boston vs. New York, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Horse Racing
William M. Kane Futurity, \$71,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old pacers, Yonkers, N.Y.

The Greyhound Stake, \$25,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Springfield, Ill.

Little Pat Stake, \$22,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-old pacers, Springfield, Ill.

Sailing
Atlantic Class championships, Sea Cliff, N.Y.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19

Baseball
Philadelphia Eagles vs. Detroit Lions (exhibition), Dallas, 8 p.m. C.S.T.

Shooting
ATA Grand American Trapshoot, Vandalia, Ohio (until Aug. 27).

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20

Auto Racing
AAA 100-m. Natl. championship, Springfield, Ill.

NASCAR 100-m. late model race, Raleigh, N.C.

Baseball
● Chicago vs. Detroit, Comiskey Pk., Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (CBS*).

● New York vs. Baltimore, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 3:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Football
San Francisco 49ers vs. New York Giants (exhibition), Seattle, Wash., 2 p.m. P.S.T. (ABC*).

Chicago Bears vs. Chicago Cardinals (exhibition), Jacksonville, Fla., 8 p.m. E.S.T.

Cleveland Browns vs. Green Bay Packers (exhibition), Akron, Ohio, 8:30 p.m.

Horse Racing
● American Derby (turf), \$100,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill. about 6:05 p.m. (NBC).

Atlantic City City Handicap, \$25,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J.

Grand Union Hotel Stakes, \$15,000, 8 1/2, 3-yr.-olds, Saratoga, N.Y., about 4:20 p.m. (NBC).

Whitney Handicap, \$20,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Saratoga, N.Y., about 5:20 p.m. (NBC).

Shooting
National championships (hand guns, small-bore, big-bore, muzzle-loading), Camp Perry, Ohio (until Sept. 10).

Swimming
AAU sr. women's & jr. men's long-distance championships (individual & team), Mt. Clemens, Mich.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21

Auto Racing
● NASCAR Hot Rod Assn. regional eliminator, Allentown, Pa.

Baseball
● Chicago vs. Detroit, Comiskey Pk., Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Fishing
Tarpon Derby, Tampa, Fla.

Motorboating
Predicted by contest, Baltimore YC, Md.

Stock outboard 90-m. Northern Lake George Marathon, Rague, N.Y.

Motorcycling
AMA-sanctioned 25-m. natl. dirt track championship, Springfield, Ill.

Swimming
AAU sr. men's long-distance championships, Lake George, N.Y.

Track & Field
AAU All-Around championships, Baltimore, Md.

*See local listing

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2—drawings by John Sunko; 12-14—drawings by Allen 19—Hank Walker; 19B—20-23—Ben Glen-Alegre; 24, 27—top—Burt Hooten; 27, 28—bottom—Burt Hooten; 29, 30—31—drawings by Leslie Jacobs; 32, 33—shorts by Fred Long; 34—A.P. Richard Meek; Q. Whitney Tower; 35—Richard Meek; 36—Richard Meek; 37—Richard Meek; 38—Richard Meek; 39—Richard Meek; 40—Richard Meek; 41—Richard Meek; 42—Richard Meek; 43—Richard Meek; 44—Richard Meek; 45—Richard Meek; 46—Richard Meek; 47—Richard Meek; 48—Richard Meek; 49—Richard Meek; 50—Richard Meek; 51—Richard Meek; 52—Richard Meek; 53—Richard Meek; 54—Richard Meek; 55—Richard Meek; 56—Richard Meek; 57—Richard Meek; 58—Richard Meek; 59—Richard Meek; 60—Richard Meek; 61—Richard Meek; 62—Richard Meek; 63—Richard Meek; 64—Richard Meek; 65—Richard Meek; 66—Richard Meek; 67—Richard Meek; 68—Richard Meek; 69—Richard Meek; 70—Richard Meek; 71—Richard Meek; 72—Richard Meek; 73—Richard Meek; 74—Richard Meek; 75—Richard Meek; 76—Richard Meek; 77—Richard Meek; 78—Richard Meek; 79—Richard Meek; 80—Richard Meek; 81—Richard Meek; 82—Richard Meek; 83—Richard Meek; 84—Richard Meek; 85—Richard Meek; 86—Richard Meek; 87—Richard Meek; 88—Richard Meek; 89—Richard Meek; 90—Richard Meek; 91—Richard Meek; 92—Richard Meek; 93—Richard Meek; 94—Richard Meek; 95—Richard Meek; 96—Richard Meek; 97—Richard Meek; 98—Richard Meek; 99—Richard Meek; 100—Richard Meek.

YES, THIS WAS IT
Sirs:

SI's conversation with Mr. Williams (Aug. 1) was a memorable one. I suppose more has been written about this man than about the atom bomb, but this was the Ted Williams story. It is incredible that with so much said about him we have not had something like this long ago; but then it is so easy, isn't it, to flay the dead horse of Williams' non-cooperation with those who mill around the baseball parks and never bother to dig a little to get at the real Williams. Yes, this was the Ted Williams story and I'm mighty pleased to have read it.

WALT FLANIGAN

Boston

THE INCOMPARABLE

Sirs:

With the advent of the article on baseball's greatest hitter, SI came of age. The story itself is one of the best ever written on Williams, primarily because it reflects his incomparable personality. I'm delighted that your writer had the good sense to let Ted state the facts in his own inimitable and picturesque manner. He is presented with understanding, as the sensitive but warm and generous person he has always been, and the intense enthusiasm, so much a part of his nature, is aptly recorded.

JAY WILLIAMS

Chicago

THE REAL WILLIAMS

Sirs:

CONVERSATION PIECE was a masterpiece! I believe we all can understand Ted Williams better now. All the sportswriters in the world could not have described the great Ted Williams as did CONVERSATION PIECE. It revealed Ted Williams as himself—a human being.

Yes, CONVERSATION PIECE was a real masterpiece!

It is a unique method of reporting on a unique individual.

ROY C. RUMONS

Waverly, Tenn.

WHAT IS IT?

Sirs:

In last year's World Series much was made of the plastic shinguard employed by Cleveland's Vic Wertz to protect his shin

against foul tips. I believe his guard was removable.

In your excellent cover photo of Ted Williams on the August 1 issue, I detect an extra padding attached to Ted's stocking over his right shin. Is this a similar contrivance? If so, how long has Ted used it?

Allow me to congratulate you on your constantly improving publication.

R. F. WITT

Plainfield, N.J.

● After his return from the Pacific Williams hurt his shin during batting practice, and has worn the shinguard at bat ever since. He takes it off when he is on base.—ED.

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

Sirs:

I'm sorry to say that I am disappointed in you. Your CONVERSATION PIECE on Ted Williams was not all that I expected it to be. I learned nothing new about Ted except about his boyhood, although I think this is the first time that I have read Ted's own words.

SPECTACLE: *The Heat Is On* (SI, Aug. 1), with five pages of pictures, was excellent. I know I'm quite late for a Happy Knoll guest card, but maybe, perhaps...

HARVEY WALDMAN

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DEATH TO TV

Sirs:

It was great! These are the only words I can use for your story *Carl War in Virginia* (SI, Aug. 1). You are indeed to be congratulated.

I'm going to stick with Mr. Lawrence. Death to televised baseball is the only thing that can save the minor leagues.

ROBERT FAILING, JR.

St. Johnsville, N.Y.

THE HE GOES

Sirs:

Your picture and caption (SI, Aug. 1) showing the owner of the Portsmouth, Va. baseball club muttering darkly as a precious ball goes into the stands to be lost to the club reminds me of a story the late Gabby Street liked to relate.

Gabby, on his way up in the game, was

signed by a small club in Alabama. The Old Sarge was to report to the club's owner, who also served as manager of the team. Going out to the park in the morning, Gabby inquired of the grounds keeper where he might find the owner and how he would know him when he did.

"Well, son," replied the grounds keeper, "you just hang around till game time and when you see a foul ball go into the stands and a fellow leave the field to fight with the customers over it—that will be the man you're looking for."

THOMAS R. ROONEY

San Francisco

CLASS D, TOO, IS BASEBALL

Sirs:

I want to say that I am in full accord with Mr. Frank Lawrence and his complaint that the radio and TV broadcasting of major league baseball games is ruining the minor leagues (SI, Aug. 1). I am frequently in attendance at the McAlester Rockets' home games and it is really a shame that so few people come to see them. Regardless of what people say about Class D baseball, I think that it is taken as seriously as any big league game. Every ball player on the Rockets, a Yankee farm team, is, in my consideration, a hustler, and I really enjoy seeing them play. When I first came here, this town was the home of the Wichita Falls Spudders, in, I believe, the West Texas-New Mexico League. Class B. Soon after I arrived here, the franchise was moved to a town about half the size of Wichita Falls. It's a shame when a town the size of Wichita Falls (pop. 100,000) can't support a baseball team. I, like Mr. Lawrence, say that it is the unlimited radio and TV rights held by the major league teams that are ruining what is, in my estimation, the best entertainment to be found in and around some of the smaller towns all over the country.

A/IC JAMES L. ULLOM

Sheppard Air Force Base
Wichita Falls, Texas

IS THIS ENOUGH?

Sirs:

While the question of Swaps and Nashua is so very hot, is a mile-and-a-quarter race long enough to test the greatness of a thoroughbred?

continued on next page



In my opinion it should have been a mile-and-a-half match race on August 31 to test or prove superiority and stamina.

A. W. SCHMIDT

Akron, Ohio

● Horsemen generally agree that the mile and a half is a better test of a horse's greatness than the classic Kentucky Derby distance of a mile and a quarter (19TH HOLE, May 30).—ED.

USING A TELESAPIC LENS?

Sirs:

I hope SI's photographer will get a good shot of Swaps winning the match race.

TOBY SMITH

Gridley, Calif.

L.A. TO SWAPS

Sirs:

There seems to be much discussion about the match race between the great Swaps and Nashua, but doesn't anyone remember that Swaps has already beaten Nashua—and very soundly at that? Swaps has improved 100% over his Derby performance, whereas Nashua has run some very doubtful races. Since I am from Los Angeles I of course can think only of one horse, Swaps; but let's look at their 3-year-old records. Swaps is far outstanding in everything but money. I am sure Swaps will win by at least three to five lengths.

PAT ANDERSON

Los Angeles

NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING LOST

Sirs:

I personally favor Nashua over Swaps in the \$160,000 match race of the winner-take-all variety.

This is merely opinion, however, and I do have enough respect for Swaps not to make any wagers on the outcome of the race. After all, I did lose money on the presidential election of 1944 when all the Associated Press writers favored Thomas E. Dewey to beat Franklin D. Roosevelt.

EDWIN L. RAMMUSSEN JR.

Miami

THE TEACHER AND THE TERROR

Sirs:

My dad is starting to teach me a little trick riding and roping. We find ourselves somewhat baffled by part of the article (YESTERDAY, Aug. 1) which described the horse, Midnight, which gave the greatest trouble to Pete Knight, the best rider of the '30s. It reads: "Foaled before World War I... the 1200-pound brute, who had once been a saddle horse to a school marm, had a solid reputation as a terror..." May I ask how and why a school marm's saddle horse ever developed into a terror?

Dad says that Pete Knight was the best rider he ever saw, but he isn't certain that he remembers Midnight. Was he ever at the Garden in New York City?

JAMES BAIRD

East View Ranch
Port Jervis, N.Y.

● Midnight was as chivalrous as he was vicious. Although no man could ride him, he was a gentleman with women, whom he allowed to lead him with a

halter. Madison Square Garden recalls Midnight's appearance there, in 1925 and 1926.—ED.

NOW WE CHILDREN WATCHED IN AWE

Sirs:

Thanks for taking me home again for a few precious memories. When I was a child the F. Ambrose Clark estate (SI, Aug. 1) always stood out as a beautiful and gentle place. I vision now the tally-ho with a red-coated footman on the back, signaling the approach of that handsome coach along our peaceful streets. How high the horses stepped—as children we watched in awe.

Mr. Clark's lovely farms are as much a part of Cooperstown as Main Street itself and his contributions to the village have been many. Having been born in Cooperstown and a villager for 25 years, I thank you for these memories.

BETTY WINNE LARKING

Los Angeles

OLD GISH, NEW FLAVOR

Sirs:

Wonder how many letters from how many people wondering not how big but how stale a "Fish Story" (SI, Aug. 1) can get. That dish has been served around these parts so long it actually has a fishy odor. But, you know, with SI's particular favoring even the old ones come out right tasty.

Each issue brings further proof that our fellows have lapped the fish in this sport-writing business.

J. ERNEST ROBERTS

Burlington, N.C.

● Happily, a lot of SI readers appreciated Chicago's vintage fish story.—ED.

BEST IN THE BUSINESS

Sirs:

The story on George May (SI, Aug. 1) doesn't begin to give him credit for making professional golf a going concern; his annual world championship tournament is the biggest thing—and the best thing—in the business, and none of your innuendo can change it. "A brass band at a church picnic," indeed!

FRYER HANSHAW

New Orleans

WHY ALL THE FUSS?

Sirs:

Come, come, gentlemen! Why all the fuss about George May? As I see it, the USGA's cold shoulder is just the opposite of what May deserves for his leadership in making golf a top U.S. sport for players and spectators alike. Who else has done so much for the game? I say more power to him—five Cadillacs, 13 bars, 65 sports shirts and all!

JOHN SCOTT

Lawrence, Wis.

THAT MAN

Sirs:

George May's place in American golf is secure. He is the promoter of some of the biggest tournaments in the game. He has brought the game to thousands who never before knew the difference between a tee and a caddy. George May, above all, has clean hands. He has never, ever, as far as anyone knows, tampered with golfers or tournaments.

I am no admirer of the man's methods

or motives. Certainly May is not an admirable character, except to those who automatically equate five Cadillacs with virtue. But that is no reason, no reason at all, to discredit May's perfectly honest attempts to promote the game of golf. Believe me, spending the money he has, he could have made a far better business promotion out of any other sport or any other facet of our public life.

GEORGE JENKINS

Indianapolis

BUSINESS METHODS IN GOLF

Sirs:

I was pleased to see the courageous expose of George S. May in your August 1 issue; despite his profitable proof that business methods can do a lot toward making golf well-known, there is something abhorrent to me about making any sport so gaudily and vulgarly the creature of the dollar.

After all, sports are an American institution—sports in which the sole object is the relaxation and enjoyment of the participant.

Regrettably, we have seen a tendency toward professionalism and vicious spectator "participation" in athletics—a growing trend which has long been apparent in collegiate football, in the travesty upon wrestling which is ground out for the television cameras, in the boxing deals of the Carboos and the D'Antonis. Now we see it in the moneyed monkeyshines of Mr. May, who has apparently dealt in golf courses, slot machines and Bibles—all with the same green-coated object.

SI is to be congratulated upon showing the American public in general, and the youth of America in particular, that the world of professional athletics all too frequently has very little or nothing at all—in common with the real purpose and ideal of the sport.

LOS MERWELL

San Francisco

PROMOTER'S PROMOTER

Sirs:

A loud well-done for your piece on George May (SI, Aug. 1). He may be a promoter's promoter, but any resemblance to a sportsman's sportsman results from his happening to own a golf course instead of a pickle cannery—and that resemblance is very small indeed. Golf or pickles, it would be the same to him, I'm sure.

ALBERT MORRIS

Reading, Pa.

THE PERVERSION OF A FINE SPORT

Sirs:

There is no place in golf for men like George May. I am not concerned with his record or any other nebulous dealings he may or may not have entered into. Golf is one of the very few remaining great outdoor sports, and certainly the professional aspects of golf are worthy of the game. But in golf, unlike baseball, it is the weekend duffer and the many weekend hot-shots who are the backbone and the distinction of the game.

Golf is a fine sport, one of the finest. Golf is the game of the individual, not the all-swallowing group. Let's keep George May out of it.

ALAN HOWES

New York

THAT OVERSIZED POOL HALL

Sirs:

Jack Mahley's article on George S. May and the whole Tam O'Shanter hoopla (SI, Aug. 1) was as fine a piece of thoughtful reporting and analytical reflection as I've ever read anywhere.

May's alcoholic haven and oversized pool hall bears as much resemblance to a golf club as a carnie's spiel to the Gettysburg Address. The whole thing, including his phony world championships of golf, is a travesty on sport, on golf and on ethics.

And May is sufficiently arrogant to label the whole thing as serving only to promote his business-engineering firm.

JAMES PARKER

Chicago

PRETTY ANN AND THAT HORSE

Sirs:

Mechath Tenney is a fine man and Swaps no doubt a local hero; but the two paired in a winner's circle do not present the same soul-satisfying picture as pretty Ann and Nashua under the same circumstances. Since I yield to no one in my admiration of and devotion to Mrs. Woodward and that horse, I cry "shame" to Mr. Tuck who so soulfully told the world (19th Hole, Aug. 1) that Ann Woodward wore the same frock to the Arlington Classic that she had worn to the Kentucky Derby. Therefrom, you will remember, he deduced fears of drastically reduced income from Nashua, with reference to the upcoming match race.

First of all, Swaps will not take Nashua come August 31. On the contrary, our eastern champion will show up the western horse for what he is: the usual West Coast wonder who falls against eastern competition. For my money Swaps is a moss-jawed, dull-eyed, haphazardly bred inmate of what looks like a camp for migrant workers. Secondly, Ann Woodward, a lady as wise as she is handsome, wore that dress a second time for one reason only, I am sure, to prevent sportswriters from following SI's lead in talking about the lady's clothes rather than the horse's performance.

JANET HOBBS

Huntington, N.Y.

CAN THIS BE THE MAN?

Sirs:

Since 1936 the Douglas Aircraft Company has been proud to have as one of its engineers Dr. Wolfgang Klemperer, pioneer of the German soaring movement. This Dr. Klemperer is an honorary vice president of the Soaring Society of America and last August was inducted into the Helms Sports Hall of Fame.

Can this be the same Dr. Wolfgang Klemperer whom Coles Pinsky permitted to soar away to Lockheed in his excellent sailplane article in the July 11 issue of SI?

A. M. ROCHLEN

Vice President

Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc.
Santa Monica, Calif.

● SI, having inadvertently loaned Dr. Klemperer to Lockheed on July 11, hereby returns him with apologies to the Douglas Aircraft Company.—ED.

PENNSYLVANIA PUSHBALL, 1555

Sirs:

Your interesting and brightly illustrated July 25 article on pushball is at hand.

On page 17 you write in the heading, "... with a game that's so new—and rough." Maybe it's new to the folks in Arizona but my contemporaries played this same game on horseback with great gusto, and many hard falls, in 1916, '17 and '18 on the drill field (with cavalry mounts) at Pennsylvania Military College, Chester, Pa. The game was designed and introduced by our then cavalry instructor, Colonel Frank Hyatt. The only difference I find between the game then and now is that we used a broom's leather ball with bladder whereas they use a white one today.

W. R. SIMPSON

Brownsville, Texas

CAPTAIN WEBB, THE DAWLEY MAN

Sirs:

I liked John Durant's piece about Captain Webb and his last trip through the Niagara rapids (Yesterday, July 18). Mr. Durant evidently thought this epic piece of folly called for a touch of poetry and evoked "A Shropshire Lad." I wonder if SI readers know of another poem by the still-living English poet John Betjeman which commemorates another feat of Captain Webb's in calmer waters?

ALVYN LEE

New York City

A SHROPSHIRE LAD*

by John Betjeman

The gas was on in the Institute,
The flare was up in the gym,
A man was running a mineral line,

*FROM "SLICK BUT NOT STREAMLINED" COPYRIGHT 1957 BY JOHN BETJEMAN. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF CORNELIUS & CO., INC.

A lass was singing a hymn,
When Captain Webb the Dawley man,
Captain Webb from Dawley,
Came swimming along in the old canal
That carries the bricks to Lawley.

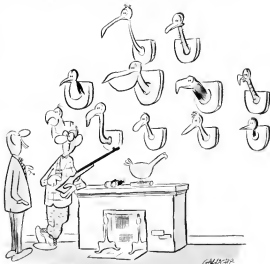
Swimming along—
Swimming along—
Swimming along from the Severn,
And paying a call at Dawley Bank while
Swimming along to Heaven.

The sun shone low on the railway line
And over the bricks and stacks,
And in at the upstairs windows
Of the Dawley houses' backs,
When we saw the ghost of Captain Webb,
Webb in a water sheeting,
Come dripping along in a bathing dress
To the Saturday evening meeting.

Dripping along—
Dripping along—
To the Congregational Hall;
Dripping and still he rose over the sill and
Faded away in the wall.

There wasn't a man in Oakengates
That hadn't got hold of the tale,
And over the valley in Ironbridge,
And round by Coalbrookdale,
How Captain Webb the Dawley man,
Captain Webb from Dawley,
Rose rigid and dead from the old canal
That carries the bricks to Lawley.

Rigid and dead—
Rigid and dead—
To the Saturday congregation,
Paying a call at Dawley Bank on his way
To his destination.



"Then, one day, I suddenly tired of bird watching . . ."



MRS. EMMA GATEWOOD

A 67-year-old great-grandmother, Mrs. Emma Gatewood of Gallipolis, Ohio, is determined to be the first woman to hike the entire length of the Appalachian Trail, 2,050 miles of mountain footpath from Mt. Oglethorpe, Georgia to Mt. Katahdin, Maine. Mrs. Gatewood, alone and without a map, began following the white blaze marks of the trail early in May, and this week from Connecticut's Cathedral Pines, Grandmother Gatewood could look back on 1,500 miles of the best and worst of nature. She had carefully avoided disturbing three copperheads and two rattlesnakes on the trail, flipped aside one attacking rattler with a walking stick. When caught without nearby shelter she had

heated some stones and slept on them to keep from freezing. For snacks Grandma nibbled wild huckleberries, used corn for salad and sucked bouillon cubes to combat loss of body salt.

Her contacts with other humans ranged from a miserly individual who refused her even a drink of water to a generous housewife who supplied fried chicken to carry on the trail.

Mrs. Gatewood is serenely confident that she can finish her trek. "I'll get there except if I break something or something busts loose. And when I get atop Mt. Katahdin, I'll sing *America, the Beautiful*, 'From sea to shining sea.'"

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